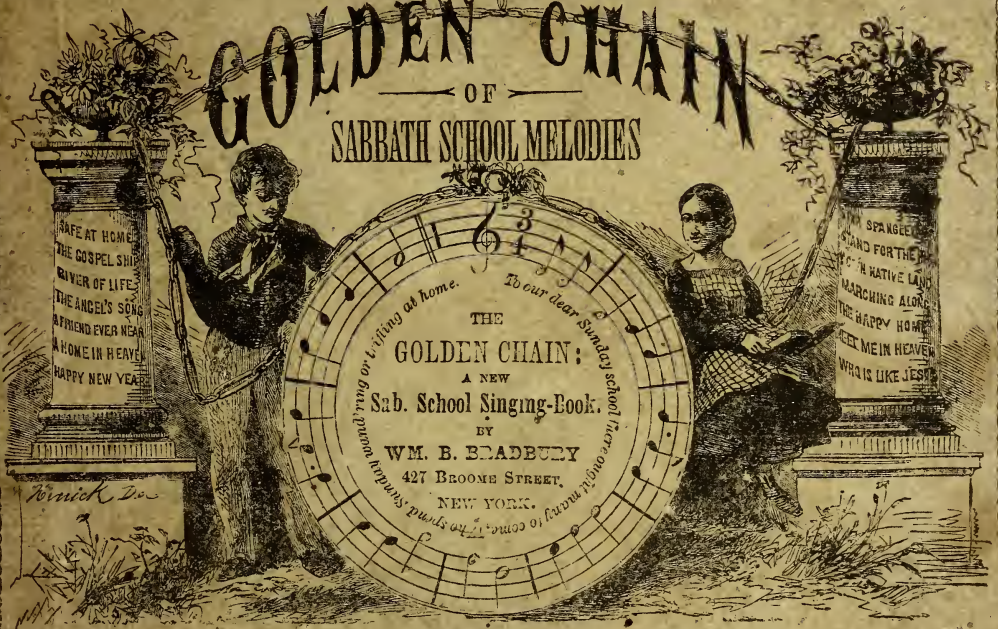
BRADBURY'S

GOLDEN CHAIN

OF

SABBATH SCHOOL MELODIES



NEW YORK:

Published by Wm. B. BRADBURY, 427 Broome St., Cor. of Crosby

WM. B. BRADBURY'S GOLD MEDAL PIANO-FORTES.

GOLD MEDAL.

TWO GOLD MEDALS,
ONE SILVER MEDAL,
AND
FOUR FIRST PREMIUM DIPLOMAS.
Making in all
SEVEN FIRST PREMIUMS!
Bestowed upon Mr. Wm. B. Bradbury within the brief space of
FOUR WEEKS!
By the Officers of State Fairs, and by the American Institute, New York City,
"FOR THE BEST PIANO-FORTES."
These were as follows:

GOLD MEDALS
N. J. STATE FAIR, held at Paterson, 1863.
FAIR OF AM. INSTITUTE. Academy of Music, New York City, 1863.

SILVER MEDAL.
ILL. STATE FAIR, Decatur, 1863.

DIPLOMAS.
NEW YORK STATE FAIR, Utica, 1863.
OHIO STATE FAIR, Cleveland, 1863.
PENN. STATE FAIR, Norristown, 1863.
IND. STATE FAIR, Indianapolis, 1863.

JUDGES AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 1863.
L. M. Gottschalk, A. W. Berg, Clark W. Beames, Francis H. Brown.

This is unprecedented in the history of the Piano-Forte Trade.

GOLD MEDAL.

Wm. B. BRADBURY. 427 Broome Street,
Corner of Crosby, one block East of Broadway, New York.

TESTIMONIALS FROM CELEBRATED PIANISTS,

To Wm. B. Bradbury's New Scale Piano-Fortes.

WILLIAM MASON.

"MR. WM. B. BRADBURY:—*Dear Sir*,—After *repeated tests* of your NEW SCALE Piano-Forte, in almost *every variety of musical composition and expression*, I find that they possess, in the highest degree, all the essentials of a PERFECT PIANO-FORTE.

"The GRANDNESS, purity, equality, and DURATION of tone are combined in a degree rarely to be met with, while the elasticity and perfection of the action gives the most rapid response to the touch. I consider them a VERY SUPERIOR INSTRUMENT, and as such they will command the highest commendation of the artiste, the critic, or amateur.—Yours, very truly,

"NEW YORK, July 25, 1863. "WM. MASON."

HARRY SANDERSON.

"After a thorough and careful examination of your New Scale Piano-Fortes, I take great pleasure in expressing my gratification at finding so perfect an instrument. Of the many qualifications so requisite in a good piano, I must say I have never met with any which, in every particular as to quality of tone, elasticity of touch, and beauty of workmanship, so happily combines them all as do your New Scale Pianos. I can most cheerfully recommend them to all interested in the progress of Musical Science.—Yours truly,

"September 16, 1863. "HARRY SANDERSON."

GEO. W. MORGAN,

ORGANIST OF GRACE CHURCH, N. Y.

"TO WM. B. BRADBURY, ESQ.:—*Dear Sir*,—As you wish me to give my *candid opinion* of your NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTE—I can assure you that I admire them in the highest degree. The quality of tone is remarkably fine, and the action everything that can be desired, and I can only add—let the Pianos speak for themselves, and they will give every satisfaction, and I have never seen any instrument of the kind that has pleased me more.—Most faithfully yours,

"NEW YORK, May 2, 1864. "GEO. W. MORGAN."

J. N. PATTISON.

"MR. WM. B. BRADBURY:—*Dear Sir*,—Having thoroughly examined and tried your NEW SCALE Piano-Fortes, I take great pleasure in recommending them to those desiring a SUPERIOR INSTRUMENT. For duration, fullness, and singing quality of tone, elasticity and delicacy of touch, and perfect workmanship throughout, I consider them equal to any I have seen.

"NEW YORK, September 8, 1863. "J. N. PATTISON"

ROBERT HELLER.

"MR. WM. B. BRADBURY:—*Dear Sir*,—The little affair at your Piano-Forte Rooms the other day, when I chanced to meet Sanderson, Morgan and others was a musical treat. I enjoyed it immensely; not only on account of the excellent music made on the occasion, but also because it is always pleasant to have a good FIRST CLASS instrume to play upon; and when Harry Sanderson asked me to visit your Establishment, I was not prepared to find *such* Pianos. What more can be desired than the excellence of these instruments I don't know; for in every particular as to tone, touch, quality or power, they are PERFECT.

"The duets played by Sanderson and myself proved the EQUALITY of the Pianos, for no matter which instrument we played upon, and I believe we tried eight or ten of them, the effect was always the same.—Truly yours,

"NEW YORK, June, 1864. "ROBERT HELLER."

DESCRIPTION OF STYLES

OF

BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES.

No. 1. 7 Octave, French round corners, plain.

No. 2. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, moulding on plinth, carved lyre and scroll desk.

No. 4. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, mouldings on rim and plinth, carved lyre and scroll desk.

No. 4½. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, LARGE MOULDINGS on rim, mouldings on plinth, BEVELED TOP, carved lyre and scroll desk.

No. 5. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, BEVELED TOP, mouldings on rim and SERPENTINE MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, Gothic or fluted legs, carved lyre and desk.

No. 6. 7 Octave, Same style as No. 5, with addition of CARVED LEGS.

No. 7. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, mouldings on plinth, fluted or Gothic legs, fancy lyre and desk, Large Scale.

No. 8. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, carved legs and lyre, Large Scale.

No. 9. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, SERPENTINE MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, carved legs and lyre, Large Scale.

No. 10. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, mouldings on rim, serpentine mouldings on plinth, extra carved legs and lyre.

No. 10½. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, extra mouldings on rim, LARGE SERPENTINE MOULDINGS on plinth, elegantly carved legs, lyre and desk.

No. 11. 7⅓ Octave, FOUR LARGE LOUND CORNERS, finished all round, MOULDINGS on rim LARGE SERPENTINE MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, ELEGANTLY CARVED legs, lyre, and desk.

No. 11½. 7 Octave, same as No. 10½, with extra mouldings. *A very rich case.*

No. 12. 7⅓ Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, ELEGANTLY CARVED CASE, legs, and lyre, elegant mouldings.

No. 13. 7⅓ Octave, Agrasse; EXTRA CARVING on case, legs, and lyre. AN ELEGANT INSTRUMENT IN ALL RESPECTS.

No. 14. Grands, according to style of case.

EXTRA. School Piano, 7 Octave, rich black walnut case, a superior instrument for Schools, made to order.

All the above Instruments are made with Bradbury's New Scale, full iron frame, overstrung bass, and French Grand Action. Every Instrument fully warranted.

BRADBURY'S

GOLDEN CHAIN

OF

SABBATH SCHOOL MELODIES.

COMPRISING

A Great Variety of New Music and Hymns

COMPOSED AND WRITTEN

EXPRESSLY FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

TOGETHER WITH MANY OF THE BEST OF THE WELL KNOWN SABBATH SCHOOL PIECES.

BY WM. B. BRADBURY,

AUTHOR OF "THE JUBILEE," "ORIOLA," AND MANY OTHER MUSICAL WORKS.

NEW YORK:

IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & CO.,

CHICAGO: S. C. GRIGGS & CO.

1864.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Wm. B. Bradbury, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of New Jersey.

PREFACE.

The design of this book is doubtless generally understood, viz., to furnish a pleasing variety of good new music and hymns composed and arranged expressly for the Sabbath School, at a very moderate price.

The largest, most complete and perfect Hymn and Tune Book ever made for Sabbath Schools is doubtless the Oriola, a book that has now become the standard text-book of thousands of Sabbath Schools throughout the country. We do not pretend to compete with this popular work, nor do we ask those using it to lay it aside for a single day. We simply ask, 1st, that those who feel that *more* new and popular music would enliven and interest their school, try the Golden Chain, and 2ndly, that those who feel that they *must have* a low priced book to commence with, try the Golden Chain.

Of one thing we feel quite sure, viz., that all those who have used for any considerable time the Oriola will certainly call for the Golden Chain, and also all who shall introduce the Golden Chain as the first of these two books, will, whenever a more complete and extensive work is wanted, seek for the Oriola. Of the Golden Chain we will only add that *for its size* we believe no work can be found to compete with it in variety and attractiveness, and in freshness and popularity of melody and words.

Movement of the music.—The effect of a stirring, popular piece of music, is often lost by a misconception of the movement intended for it by the author. To effectually avoid any such misconception, a very simple method has been adopted, by which the proper movement of each piece is exactly indicated, without the use of a Metronome. It will be observed that directions, partly in figures are given to the different pieces at their beginning, as "24—Two to the measure," &c, &c. The meaning of which is,

Take a string and attach a light weight to one end of it, and hold the other between the thumb and finger at a distance of *twenty-four inches*, from the fulcrum, (the thumb and finger). Set the weight in motion, oscillating, like the pendulum to the clock, and now these two vibrations mark the time of a measure of the music. This then is the explanation,—"string twenty-four inches long, two vibrations to the measure."

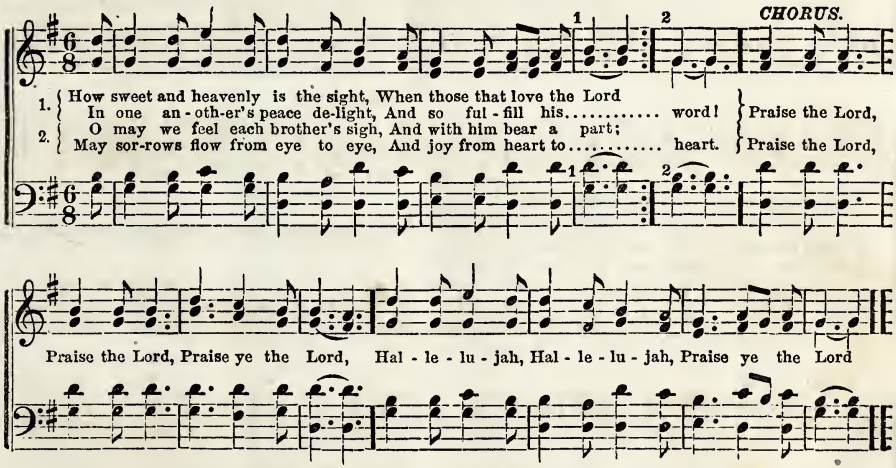
"20—One to each quarter note," &c, &c, means that you should hold the string, twenty inches from the weight, set it vibrating, and one vibration *to each quarter note* indicates the exact movement of that piece.

By this simple process, and without the necessity of a Metronome, the teachers or leaders of the singing can "time" the different pieces at home, so that in taking them up with the children, he will not be under the necessity of *guessing* at the proper movement.

Hoping that the Golden Chain may prove a blessing to many,—that every link may be found sound and of the purest metal, and that the whole may prove strong enough to bind together in one harmonic band all the dear ones of the household and Sabbath School, its author prayerfully sends it forth on its little mission of love and song. God speed it.

NOTICE.—Much the largest proportion of the Music and Poetry in this book has been composed, written and arranged, expressly for it, and having been "Entered according to Act of Congress," by the author, is his copyright property. Persons desirous of reprinting one or more of these pieces, for Sabbath School Anniversaries, or for any other purpose, MUST FIRST OBTAIN PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR. Reprinting them without such permission would be an infringement upon the copyright, and any person so trespassing will be held accountable.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.



3. Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
Let union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action, glow.
Praise the Lord, &c.

4. Love is the GOLDEN CHAIN that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.
Praise the Lord, &c.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL. C. M.

1. The Sunday-school, that blessed place, Oh! I would rather stay With - in its walls, a
2. 'Tis there I learn that Je-sus died For sinners such as I; Oh! what has all the
3. Then let our grateful tribute rise, And songs of praise be given To Him who dwells a -
4. And welcome then the Sunday-school, We'll read, and sing, and pray That we may keep the

CHORUS

child of grace, Than spend my hours in play—
world be-side, That I should prize so high—
- bove the skies, For such a bless - ing given—
gold - en rule, And nev - er from it stray—

The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, Oh!

'tis the place I love, For there I learn the golden rule Which leads to joys a - bove.

SUNDAY SCHOOL RECRUITING SONG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

MODERATELY QUICK.

Words by the author of "*I want to be an angel.*"

1. To our dear Sunday school there ought many to come, Who spend Sunday wandering or trifling at
home; I'll try to bring *one*, or I'll try to bring *two*, Yes, all that I can, I'm de-termined to do.

i. God meant all the peo - ple who live in this place, To hear of his good-ness, and join in his
praise; So I'll try to bring *one*, or I'll try to bring *two*, Yes, all that I can, I'm de-termined to do.

One or more Boys. Girls and Boys, or two Girls alone. *FULL CHORUS.*

I'll try to bring *one*, I'll try to bring *two*, Yes, all that I can, I'm de-termined to do.

3. Let me think; are there none of the dear ones at home,
The large, or the little, who never have come?
Oh, I'll beg and I'll coax, try for *one*, try for *two*,
Yes, all that I can, I'm determined to do.

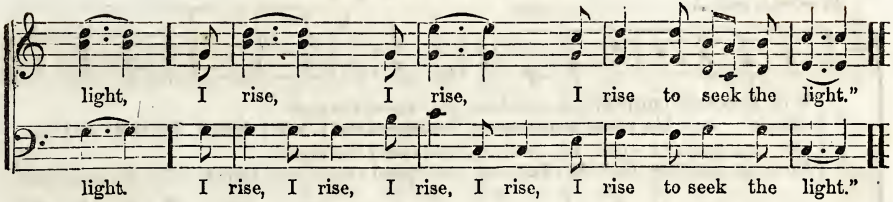
4. My cousins and playmates, who live in this street,
I'll ask them to come, the next time that we meet;
Who knows but among them I'll get *one*, or *two*,
For all that I *can*, I'm determined to do.

5. Out there in the lot where I pass every day,
How many spend Sabbath in frolic or play!
If I could but get *one* of those boys, now, or *two*,
To come here next Sabbath, what good it might do.

6. Perhaps up to heaven some day I may go;
What glory and blessedness then I shall know!
But I want in that glory that many may share,—
That one, two, yes, all I can take, may be there.

26—*Two to each Measure.*

1. I saw a lit - tle blade of grass, Just peeping from the sod, And asked it why it sought to pass Be - yond its pres-ent clod? It seemed to raise its ti - ny head, All sparkling, fresh and bright, And, wond'ring at the ques - tion, said, "I rise to seek the
2. I asked the ea - gle why his wing To ceaseless flight was given; As if he spurn'd each earth - ly thing And knew no home but heaven? He answered, as he fixed his gaze Un- dazzled at the sight, Up - on the sun's me - ri - dian blaze, "I rise to seek the
3. I asked my soul, what means this thirst For something yet beyond, What means this eager- ness to burst From ev-ery earth-ly bond? It answers, and I feel it glow With fires more warm, more bright, "All is too dull, too dark be - low, I rise to seek the



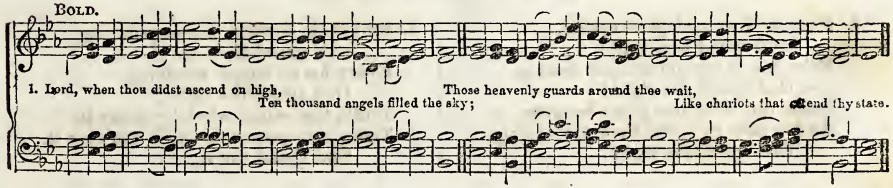
COME, CHILDREN, RAISE YOUR VOICES HIGH. [2d HYMN.]

1. COME, children, raise your voices high,
   Your Saviour's love proclaim,
   And with the choirs of earth and sky
   Unite to praise his name:
   Sing how he left the realms of light,
   Where the bright angels dwell,
   And, passing through death's gloomy night,
   Redeemed the world,
   Redeemed the world from hell.

2. Yes, we will gladly join our lays
   With heaven's seraphic throng,
   And offer in our earthly days
   To Christ our grateful song:
   And oh that all would join to sing
   That Saviour's love, who came,
   Mankind from chains of sin to bring
   To liberty,
   To liberty again!

3. Then loud hosannas to our King,
   Jesus, eternal God!
   Let earth with joyous anthems ring,
   To spread his fame abroad;
   Let every tribe and nation own
   His just and righteous sway,
   And all unite to hasten on
   The great, the great,
   The great millennial day.

DUKE STREET. L. M.



GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

13—*One to each* ♩.

1st. 2d.

1. { Now to heaven our prayer as-cend-ing, God speed the right!
In a no - ble cause con-tend-ing, God speed the [Omit.] right! Be their zeal in

2. { Be that prayer a - gain re - peat-ed, God speed the right!
Ne'er de-spair-ing, tho' de - feat - ed, God speed the [Omit.] right! Like the good and

heaven recorded, With success on earth rewarded, God speed the right! God speed the right!
great in sto-ry, If they fail, they fail with glory, God speed the right! God speed the right!

3. Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right!
Ne'er the event our danger fearing,
God speed the right!
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right!

4. Still their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right!
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right!
Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,
There 's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right!

10—*Two to each Measure.* FROM BRADBURY'S S. S. MELODIES. W. B. B.

SPRIGHTLY.

1. I'll a-wake at dawn on the Sab-bath day, For 'tis wrong to doze ho-ly time a-way;
2. Birds a-wake be-times; eve-ry morn they sing; None are tar-dy there, when the woods do ring;

With my les-sons learned, this shall be my rule— Nev-er to be late at the Sab-bath school.
So when Sun-day comes, this shall be my rule— Nev-er to be late at the Sab-bath school.

3. When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again,
They the call obey—none are tardy then;
Nor will I forget that it is my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

4. But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
And these happy hours shall return no more;
Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

DISMISSION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy love pos-sess-ing,
2. Thanks we give and a-do-ra-tion, For thy gos-pel's joy-ful sound; May the fruits of thy sal-va-tion
3. Then, whene'er the signal's giv-en Us from earth to call a-way, Borne, on an-gel's wings, to heav-en—

Tri-umph in re-deeming grace; O, re-fresh us, O, re-fresh us, Traveling through this wil-der-ness.
In our hearts and lives a-bound; May thy presence, May thy presence With us ev-er-more be found.
Glad the summons to o-bey— May we ev-er, May we ev-er Reign with Christ in end-less day.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

17—*One to each* ♪. Wm. B. Bradbury.

Slow.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known: In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief;

D. C. And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer, And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

END. D. C.

END. D. C.

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
‖: I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :‖

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
‖: And shout, while passing through the air.
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. :‖

OH, COME TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL WITH ME.

SPRIGHTLY.

20—*One to each Measure.*

1. Oh, come to the Sun - day - school with me, Where sweetly the hours will pass a - way!
2. We've teachers and scho - lars kind and true; We've plenty of books, both old, and new;

Chorus.—Oh, come to the Sun - day - school with me, Where sweetly the hours will pass a - way!

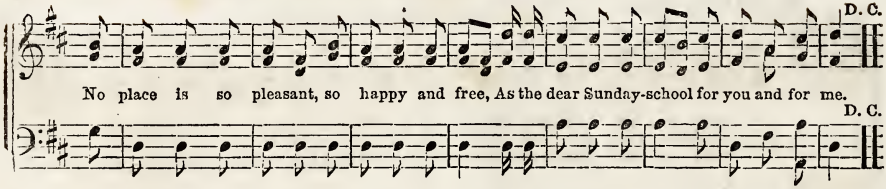
END.

Oh, come with a foot - step light and free, And make no de-lay, make no de - lay.
We read, and we sing, and join in prayer, 'Tis sweet to be there, sweet to be there.
Oh, come with a foot - step light and free, And make no de-lay, make no de lay.

END.

Around and a - bout us true happiness floats, While voices that love us breathe out their soft notes;
Around and a - bout us true happiness floats, &c.

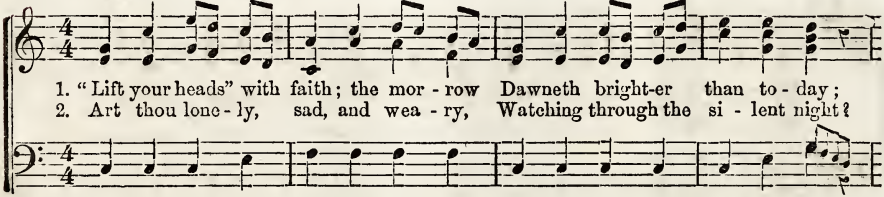
OH, COME TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL. (CONCLUDED.)

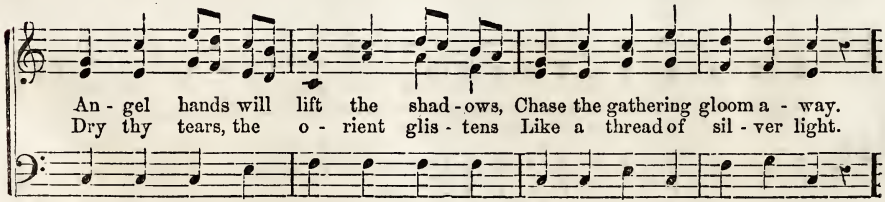


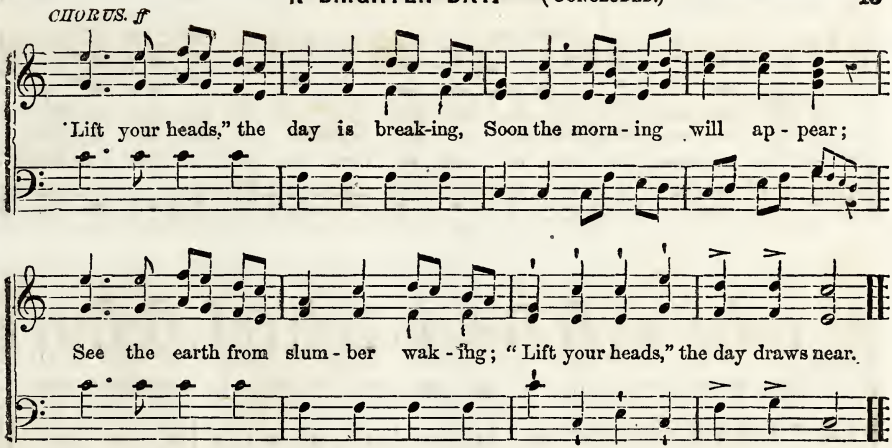
A BRIGHTER DAY.

"THEN LOOK UP, FOR YOUR REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH."—Luke xxi. 28.

12—*One to each* ♩







3. Does the night seem long and weary—
Dangers threatening 'long the way?
Joy will soon return to bless thee,
Soon will dawn a brighter day.
Chorus—"Lift your heads," &c.

4. What, though wars and earth's commotions
Try your faith, and cause dismay;
God, your Father, rules the nations,
He will send a brighter day.
Chorus—"Lift your heads," &c.

5. Let the heart be cheered with gladness,
Though the sun is veiled from sight;
See! the stars are brightly beaming
Through the shadows of the night.

Chorus.

Look! e'en now the morn is breaking,
See the shadows flee away;
See! the earth from slumber waking,
"Lift your heads!" behold the day!

24—*Two to each measure.*

WHO SHALL SING?

1. { Who shall sing, if not the chil - dren, Did not Je - sus die for them? }
{ May they not, with oth - er jew - els, Sparkle in his di - a - dem? }

D. C.—Why, un - less the song of heav - en They be - gin to prac - tice here?

D. C.

Why to them were voic - es giv - en, Bird - like voic - es, sweet and clear?

D. C.

2.

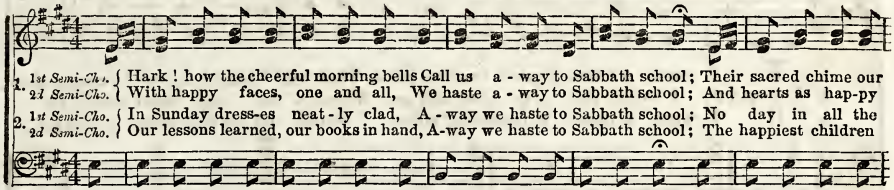
There's a choir of infant songsters,
White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
Angels cease, and, waiting, listen!
Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own!
Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turned;
Is not this the same, perfected,
Which upon the earth they learned?

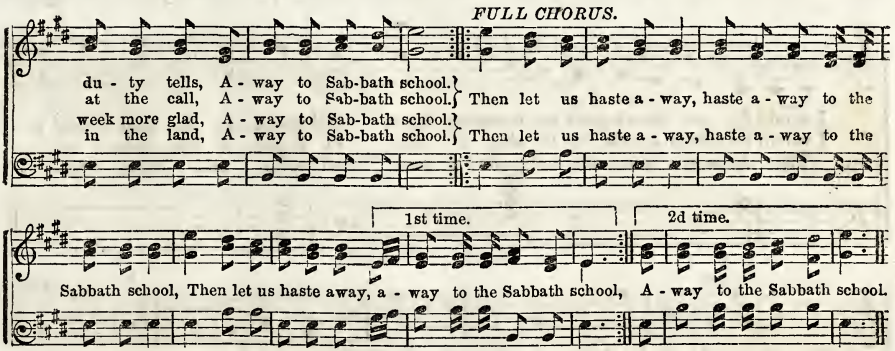
3.

Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;
And will he, to heaven returning,
Faithless to his blessing prove?
Oh! they can not sing too early!
Fathers, stand not in their way!
Birds do sing while day is breaking—
Tell me, then, why should not they?

15—*Two to each Measure.* HASTE AWAY TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Words by Lucius Hart, Esq. Music by W. B. B.





3. *1st Semi-Chorus.* We love to meet together there,
Within our pleasant Sabbath school;
And all unite in praise and prayer,
Within the Sabbath school.

2d Semi-Chorus. And this our bond of love shall be,
We're happy in our Sabbath school;
And with our hearts in harmony,
We'll haste to Sabbath school.

Chorus.—Then let us haste, &c.

4. *1st Semi-Chorus.* The Sabbath light shines clear and bright,
Away we haste to Sabbath School;
The church, it is a pleasant sight,
Away to Sabbath school;

2d Semi-Chorus. This sweetest day of all the seven—
We'll haste away to Sabbath school,
And run the shining road to heaven;
Away to Sabbath school.

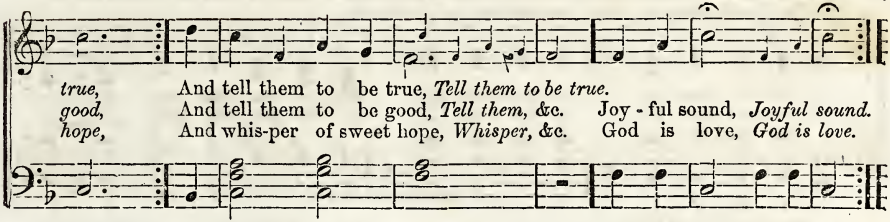
Chorus.—Then let us haste, &c.

1. If I were a voice, a per - suasive voice, That could travel the wide world thro',
2. I would fly, I would fly o'er land and sea, Where a hu - man heart might be,
3. If I were a voice, a consoling voice, I would fly on the wings of the air,

I would fly on the wings of the morn-ing light, And speak to the men with a
I would tell them a tale, or I'd sing a song, In praise of the right, in
The houses of sor-row and guilt I'd seek, And calm and truth - ful

f Echo.

gen - tle might, And tell them to be true, And tell them to be true. Be true, *Be*
blame of the wrong, And tell them to be good, And tell them to be good. Be good. *Be*
words I'd speak, And whisper of sweet hope, And whisper of sweet hope. Sweet hope, *Sweet*

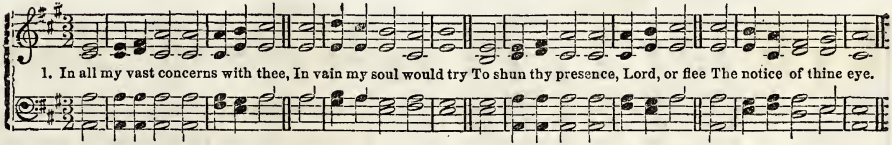


4. If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the whole earth around;
And wherever man with error bow'd,
I'd publish in notes both long and loud,
The Truth's most joyful sound.
Joyful sound. (*Echo*, Joyful sound.)
The Truth's most joyful sound.
Echo.—Truth's most joyful sound.

5. I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
And point to the realms above;
I would fly, I would fly over city and town,
And drop like a happy sunlight down,
And whisper, God is love.
God is love. (*Echo*, God is love.)
And whisper, God is love.
Echo.—Whisper, God is love.

REEVES. C. M.

W. B. B.
From "Sab. H. and Tune Book."



2. Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3. My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

GATHER THEM IN.

"GO, THEREFORE, INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES AND COMPEL THEM TO COME IN."—Luke xiv. 23.

16—*Two to each Measure.* WITH PROMPTNESS AND ANIMATION.

1. Ga - ther them in, ga - ther them in, Ga - ther the chil - dren in;
2. Ga - ther them in, ga - ther them in, Ga - ther the chil - dren in;

May be sung as a Duet.

Gather them in from the broad highway, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in in this
Gather them in from the prairies vast, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in of
Gather them in from the street and lane, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in, both the
Gather the deaf, and the poor, and blind, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in with a

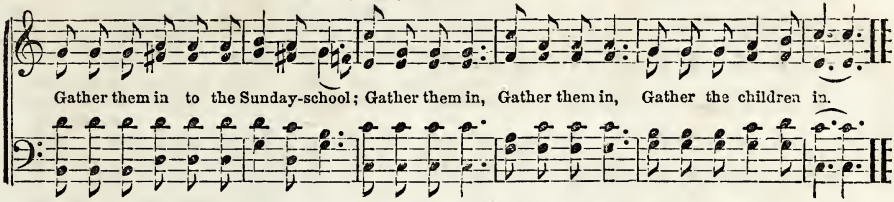
CHORUS.

gos - pel day, Ga - ther, ga - ther them in;
ev - ery cast, Ga - ther, ga - ther them in.
halt and lame, Ga - ther, ga - ther them in;
will - ing mind, Ga - ther, ga - ther them in.

Gather them in, let the house be full,
Gather them in, let the house be full, &c.

GATHER THEM IN. (Concluded.)

Full CHORUS.

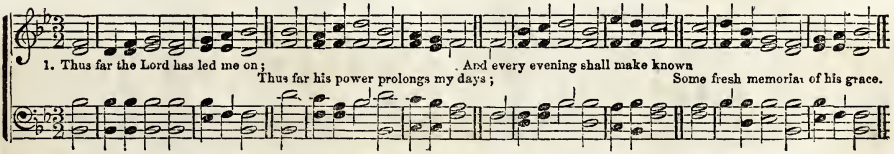


3. Gather them in, gather them in,
Gather the children in;
Gather them in that are seeking rest,
Gather them in, gather them in;
Gather them in from the East and West,
Gather, gather them in.
Gather them in that are roaming about,
Gather them in, gather them in;
Gather them in from the North and South,
Gather, gather them in.
Chorus.—Gather them in, &c.

4. Gather them in, gather them in,
Gather the children in;
Gather them in from all over the land,
Gather them in, gather them in;
Gather them in to our noble band,
Gather, gather them in;
Gather them in with a Christian love,
Gather them in, gather them in;
Gather them in for the Church above,
Gather, gather them in.
Chorus.—Gather them in, &c.

HEBRON. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



2. Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

FAR OUT UPON THE PRAIRIE. 7s & 6s. Home Mission Song.*

18—*Two to each Measure.*

1. Far out up-on the prai - rie How many chil - dren dwell, Who nev - er read the
2. For they have no kind pas - tor, Whose lov - ing words have told Of Je - sus, the good

Chorus.—Far out up-on the prai - rie How many chil - dren dwell, Who nev - er read the

END.

Bi - ble, Or hear the Sab - bath bell; And when the ho - ly morn - ing Wakes
Shep - herd, And called them to his fold; No Sab - bath school in - vit - ing Its

END.

Bi - ble, Or hear the Sab - bath bell.

D. C.

us to sing and pray, They spend the pre-cious moments In i - dle - ness and play.
pleas - ant doors with - in, No teach-er's voice en-treat - ing To leave the way of sin.

D. C.

* *Written for the Anniversary of the S. S. Miss. Association of the 14th Pres. Church, N. Y.*

3. I wish that I could tell them
How Jesus came to die,
When he for little children
Left his bright throne on high;
And all the sad, sad story
Of sorrow which he bore,
When for his crown of glory
A crown of thorns he wore.

Chorus.—Far out, etc.

4. And so each morn and evening,
Whene'er I kneel in prayer,
I'll ask the gracious Saviour
To send his gospel there;
That in the glorious city
In which he dwells above,
We all may sing together
Of his redeeming love.

Chorus.—Far out, etc.

MILLENNIUM SONG.

1. Rejoice, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear,
The evening is advancing,
And midnight now is near;
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he draweth nigh;
Up, up, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

Cho.—Rejoice, etc.

2. See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil,
And wait for your salvation—
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near:
Go meet him, as he cometh,
With Hallelujahs clear.

Cho.—Rejoice, etc.

3. Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till, in the songs of Jubilee,
They meet the angel choir.
The marriage feast is waiting,
The doors wide open stand,
Be ready, then, to meet him,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

Cho.—Rejoice, etc.

4. Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and suff'rings bore,
Shall live and reign for ever,
When sorrow is no more.
Around the throne of glory,
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before Him
Your diadems of gold!

Cho.—Rejoice, etc.

5. Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto thee!

Cho.—Rejoice, etc.

DOXOLOGY.

To thee be praise for ever
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings;
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Newly Arranged and brought within an easey compass for Chorus Singing, by

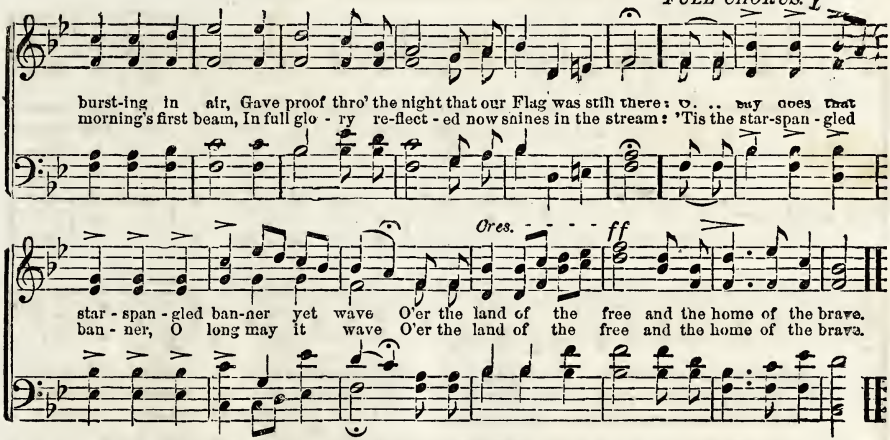
SOLO, or SEMI-CHORUS. 10—*One to each* ♩ WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O.... say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread

twi - light's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il - ous fight, O'er the
si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it

CHORUS.

ram-parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly streaming, And the rock - et's red glare, bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es; Now it catch - es the gleam of the



3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more—
Their blood has washed out their foul footstep's pollution.
No refuge can save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
Chorus.—And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4. O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
Chorus.—And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

See also hymn, The blest Gospel Banner, to this tune, on page 53.

PEACEFULLY SLEEP. Quartette.

SLOW AND GENTLE, WITH EXPRESSION.

1. Peace-ful-ly lay her down to rest, Place the turf kind - ly on her breast;
2. Close to her lone and nar - row house, Grace-ful - ly wave, ye wil - low boughs;
3. Qui - et - ly sleep, be - lov - ed one, Rest from thy toil—thy labor is done;

Sweet is the slumber be - neath the sod, While the pure soul is resting with God.
Flowers of the wildwood, your o-dors shed O - ver the ho - ly, beauti - ful dead.
Rest till the trump from the opening skies Bid thee from dust to glo-ry a - rise!

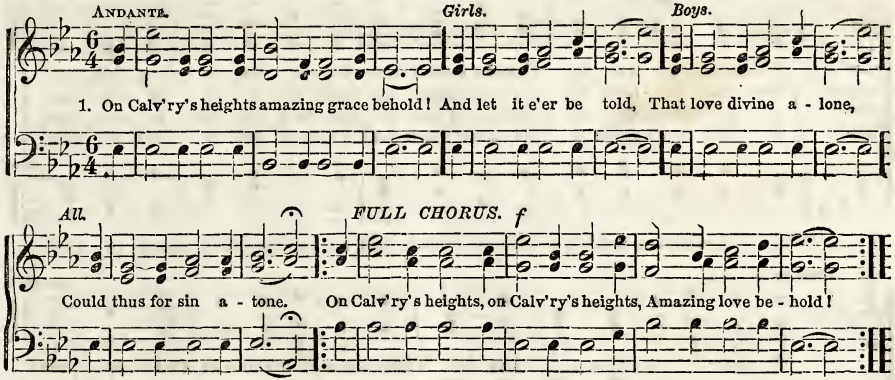
f *pp*

Peaceful-ly sleep, Peaceful-ly sleep, Sleep till that morning, Peaceful - ly sleep.

ON CALVARY'S HEIGHTS.

Words by A. A. Smith. Music by Wm. B. Bradbury.

26—*Two to the Measure.*



2. On Calv'ry's heights the one Redeemer dies!
The heavenly message flies
With pardon full to give—
That all who look may live.
On Calv'ry's heights, on Calv'ry's heights,
Amazing love behold!

3. On Calv'ry's heights a dying Saviour pleads,
For rebels intercedes;
He sets the captive free,
A son and heir to be.
On Calv'ry's heights, on Calv'ry's heights,
Amazing love behold!

4. To Calv'ry's heights the little children bring;
Permit them there to cling,
Forbid them not, He cries,
Of such my kingdom is.
On Calv'ry's heights, on Calv'ry's heights,
Amazing love behold!

5. On Calv'ry's heights Faith spreads her eager wings,
While hope exultant sings;
Love doth the conquest win,
Victor of death and sin.
On Calv'ry's heights, on Calv'ry's heights,
Amazing love behold!

45—*Two to the Measure.*

END.

Girls. 1. Pil-grims we are, to Canaan bound, Our journey lies a - long this road;
Boys. This wil - der - ness we trav - el round, To reach the ci - ty of our God.
Girls. 2. A few more days, or weeks, or years, In this dark des - ert to com-plain;
Boys. A few more sighs, a few more tears, And we shall bid a - dieu to pain.

END.

D. C. *Girls.*—Our robes are wash'd in Je - sus' blood, And we are traveling home to God.

CHORUS.—All.

D.C.

O hap - py pil-grims, spot - less fair, What makes your robes so white ap - pear?

D.C.

3. O blessed land! O happy land!
When shall we reach thy golden shore?
And one redeemed, unbroken band
United be for evermore.
Cho.—O happy pilgrims, &c.

4. And if our robes are pure and white,
May we all reach that blest abode?
O yes, they all shall dwell in light
Whose robes are washed in Jesus' blood.
Cho.—O happy pilgrims, &c.

5. We all shall reach that golden shore
If here we watch, and fight, and pray;
Straight is the way, and straight the door,
And none but pilgrims find the way.
Cho.—O happy pilgrims, &c.

6. O may we meet at last above
Amid the holy blood-washed throng,
And sing for ever Jesus' love,
While saints and angels join the song.
Cho.—O happy pilgrims,

14—*Two to each Measure.* Arranged for this work.

1. O, do not be dis-couraged, O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend, For Jesus is your Friend.

ENL.

He will give you grace to conquer, He will give you grace to conquer, And keep you to the end

END.

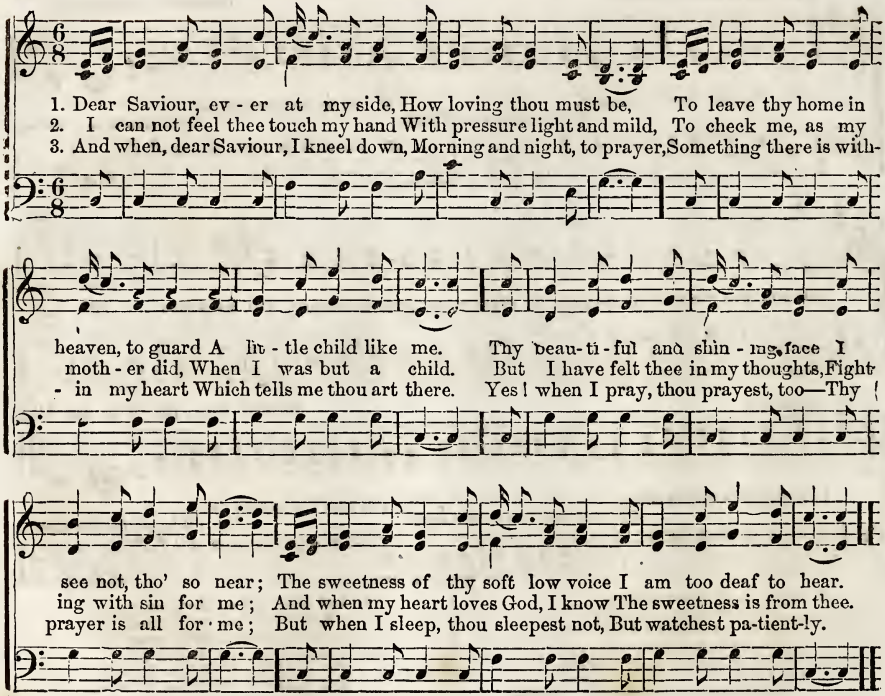
CHORUS. *Repeat from the 𝄋 to the End.*

I am glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army. And I'll battle for the school.

2. Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win.
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And he has vanquished sin.—*Chorus.*

3. And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand.
You shall sing his praise for ever,
You shall sing his praise for ever,
In Canaan's happy land.—*Chorus.*

JESUS, EVER NEAR. C. M. Double.



OUR PASTOR. S. M.,

WITH A CHORUS RESPONSE BY THE INFANT CLASS.

mf THE SCHOOL.

1. To - day a youthful throng, Their gra - ti - tude to prove, Would mingle in a clos-ing song Of
2. Why has a pas - tor's care So kind - ly been be - stowed, While many a sweet and ardent prayer From
3. And why has truth di-vine Soft from his lips dis - tilled? Why should his heart so much incline Toward
4. O may the God of grace, Who all the glo - ry claims, Long spare him in this hallowed place To
5. And may our hearts no more In - cline to sin - ful ways, But learn our Saviour to a - dore, And

p RESPONSE BY THE INFANT CLASS.

ten - der - ness and love.
his full heart has flowed?
ev - ery lit - tle child?
feed the ten - der lambs.
give to God the praise.

Our pas - tor dear, our pas - tor dear, We sing a song of

love to thee; Our pas - tor dear, our pas - tor dear, A song of love to thee.

* *The words of this song (without the chorus) were originally written by Dr. Hastings for a S. S. Celebration at St. George's Church, New York, then under the pastoral care of the late Dr. Milnor. The response has been added as an appropriate "Refrain" for the little ones.*

20—*Two to each Measure.* **CALL THE CHILDREN EARLY.** HENRY TUCKER.

1. Call the chil - dren ear - ly, mother, While the birds do sing; While the dew is on the flowers, Which by the hill - side spring, Oft re - peat the wak-ing word,
2. Call the chil - dren ear - ly, father, While the dew is on; Great the work that must be done Be- fore the morning's gone. Call them round the al - tar bright
3. Call the chil - dren ear - ly, teacher— To their won-d'ring eyes, Ev - ery Sab - bath day, set forth The pearl of rich - est price. Call them ear - ly to the Lord—
4. Call the chil - dren ear - ly, Shepherd, Give their lambs thy care; See that they are fold - ed safe With - in the house of prayer. Call them at the dawn of day,

Till they rise to praise the Lord, Oft re-peat the wak-ing word, Till they rise to praise the Lord.
On which burns de-vo - tion's light, Call them round the al-tar bright, On which burns devotion's light.
Thou shalt reap a rich re - ward, Call them ear - ly to the Lord, Thou shalt reap a rich re - ward.
Lead them in the nar-row way, Call them at the dawn of day, Lead them in the nar-row way.

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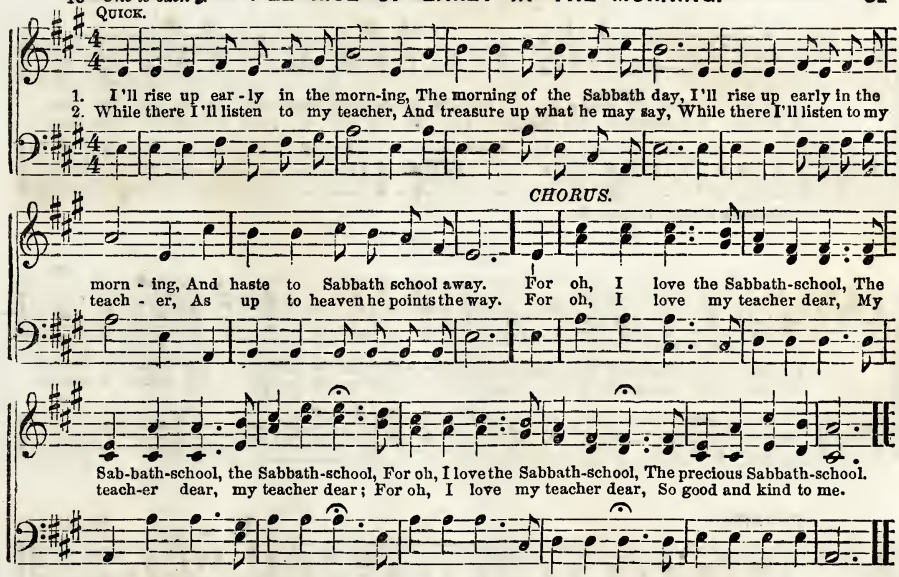
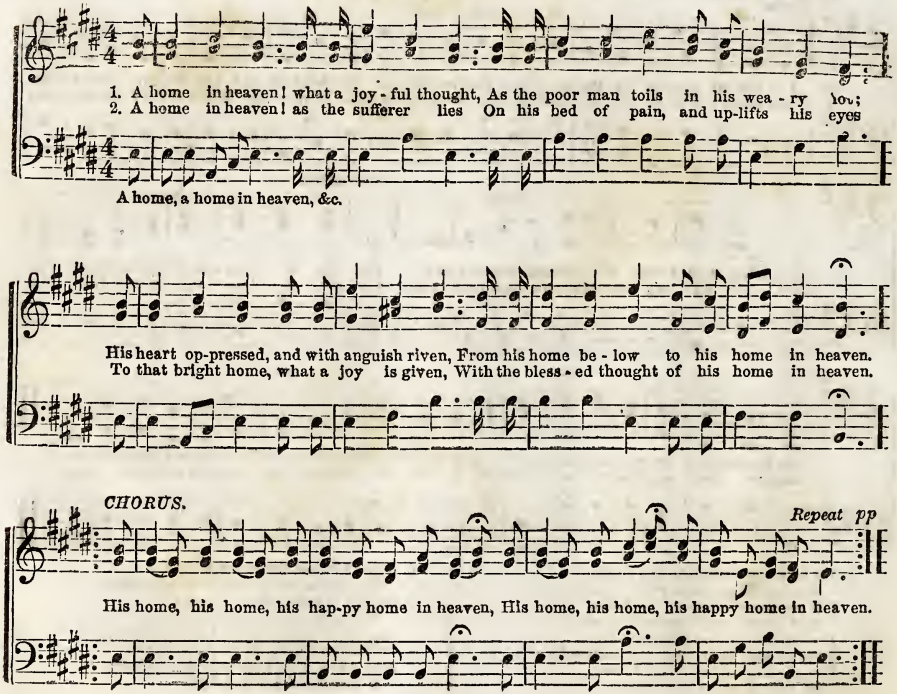


3. I'll learn my lesson in the Bible,
   And try to practice what I learn;
   I'll learn my lesson in the Bible,
   And every sinful way will shun.
   For oh, I love that blessed book,
   That blessed book, that blessed book,
   For oh, I love that blessed book,
   So full of grace and truth.

4. Then I'll not trifle any longer,
   Nor throw my precious hours away,
   Then I'll not trifle any longer,
   But go to Christ without delay;
   And dwell with him in heaven above,
   In heaven above, in heaven above—
   And dwell with him in heaven above,
   A heaven of joy and love.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

Words by Rev. W. Hunter, D. D.



3. A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.
Chorus.—Our home, &c.

4. A home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;
Oh! then what bliss, in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.
Chorus.—A home, &c.

5. A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead,
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We will meet up there, in our home in heaven.
Chorus.—Our home, &c.

6. Our home in heaven! O the glorious home!
And the Spirit joined with the Bride says, come;—
Come seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.
Chorus.—Your home, &c.

"IT IS WELL."

Composed on hearing of the death of MRS. JEREMIAH JOHNSON, *of Brooklyn, N. Y.*

QUARTETTE or CHOIR.

1. "It is well! It is well! It is well!" God's ways are al - ways right, And
2. "It is well! It is well! It is well!" Tho' deep and sore the smart; He

love is o'er them all, Tho' far a - bove our sight.
wounds who knows to bind, And heal the broken heart.

3. "It is well!"
Though sorrow clouds our way,
'Twill make the joy more dear,
That ushers in the day!

4. "It is well!"
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and dark it be,
Leads home to Heaven and God

SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?

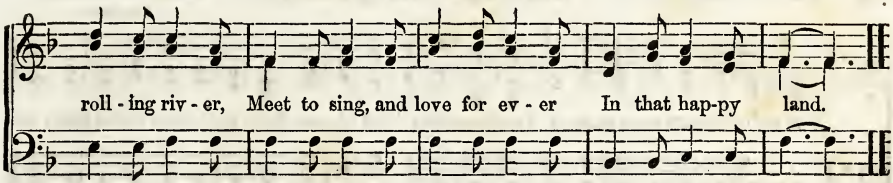
30—*Two to the Measure.*

1. Shall we sing in heaven for ev - er—Shall we sing? Shall we sing? Shall we sing in
2. Shall we know each oth-er ev - er In that land? In that land? Shall we know each

REFRAIN.

heaven for ev - er In that hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that
oth - er ev - er In that hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that

land, that hap-py land, They that meet shall sing for ev - er, Far beyond the
land, that hap-py land, They that meet shall know each other, Far beyond, &c.



3. Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land?
Shall we sing with holy angels
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Saints and angels sing for ever
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing, and love for ever
In that happy land!

4. Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that land?
Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall rest for ever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

5. Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that land?
Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Children meet and sing for ever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

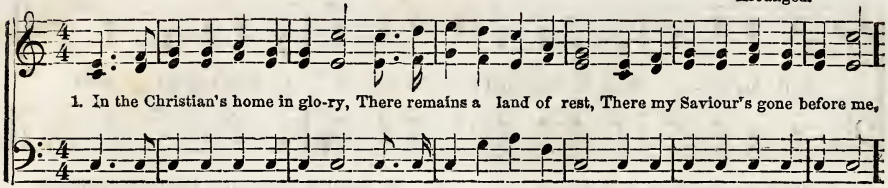
6. Shall we meet our Christian parents
In that land?
Shall we meet our Christian parents
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Parents and children meet together
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

7. Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that land?
Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Teachers and scholars meet together,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

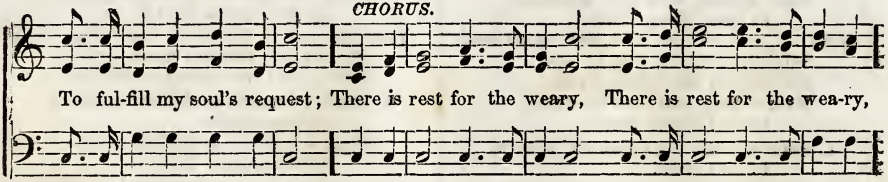
8. Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that land?
Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
We shall know our blessed Saviour
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there for ever,
In that happy land!

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Rev. J. W. Dadmun.
Arranged.



CHORUS.



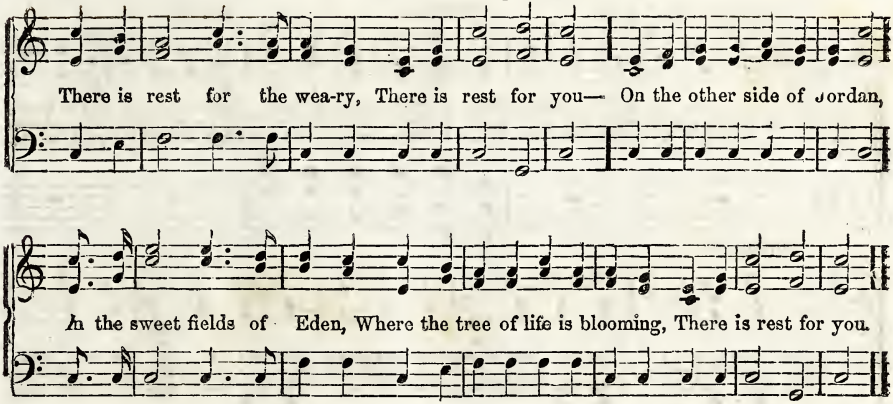
2. He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, &c.

3. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest, &c.

4. Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, &c.

5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, &c.

End for Temperance Hymn.



TEMPERANCE HYMN.

1. O'ER the dark abodes of sorrow,
Cheered by no reviving ray,
Brightly temperance arising,
Brings a bright and glorious day.

Chorus.—There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for all.

2. Thousands long in bondage groaning,
Hail the bright and glorious light;
See from eastern coast to western
Quickly fly the shades of night.

3. May the heart-reviving story,
Win and conquer—never cease—
May the ranks of temperance ever
Multiply and still increase.

4. Now the trump of temperance sounding,
Rouse! ye freemen! why delay?
Let your voices, all resounding,
Welcome on the happy day.

PILGRIM, HALTING, STAFF IN HAND.

SO—*Two to each Measure.*

SOLO, OR A FEW VOICES. *CHORUS.* *SOLO.*

1. Pil - grim, halt - ing, staff in hand, Haste a - way! haste a - way! Pilgrim, halting, staff in hand,
2. Though thy way seem dark and lone, Look a - bove, look a - bove; Tho' thy way seem dark and lone,
3. Pil - grim! God thy guide will be, Him o - bey, him o - bey; Pilgrim! God thy guide will be,

CHORUS.

Haste, haste a - way; E'en this path where thou dost stand, End - eth in a bet - ter land
Look, look a - bove; All is light a - round the throne—Sor - row's sighs are there unknown—
Him, him o - bey! Trust him, though thou canst not see, 'Tis his hand that lead - eth thee

Far a - way, far a - way, Far, far a - way.
All is love, all is love, All, all is love.
All the way, all the way, All, all the way.

4.

Hark! a voice of melody!
"Pilgrim come! pilgrim come!"
Hark! a voice of melody!
"Pilgrim, come home!"
'Tis thy Father calleth thee,
Onward press, and soon thou'lt be
Safe at home, safe at home,
Safe, safe at home.

24—*One to each ♩.*

1. { Riv - er of death, thy stream I see, Be-tween the bright cit-y of rest and me; }
{ Fear-less thy sa - ble surge I'll brave, For sweet is the prospect be-yond thy wave. }

2. { Why should I fear to stem thy tide, With him who has loved me as guard and guide: }
{ Wisdom and power control thy flood, While faith says my passage was paid with blood. }

Waft me, oh, waft me safe - ly o'er, And land me, dear Saviour, on Ca-naan's shore.
Waft me, oh, waft me safe - ly o'er, And land me, dear Saviour, on Ca-naan's shore.

3. What is it gilds thy darksome foam,
'Tis light shining forth from my happy home,
Music that thrills my soul to hear,
Seems floating me over thy surface drear.
Waft me, &c.

4. Help me, I feel the waters rise,
Yet visions of glory still glad my eyes,
Saviour, I come—I soon shall be
Among the blest purchase of Calvary.
Waft me, &c.

26—*Two to each Measure.*

VERY SPIRITED.

CHORUS. *f*

1. { Hear the ro - yal pro-cla-ma-tion, The glad tidings of sal - va-tion, } Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns,
{ Pub-lish-ing to ev - ery creature, To the ru-ined sons of nature: } Jesus reigns,

f

Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious, Over heaven and earth most glorious, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns!

2. See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour."
Chorus—Jesus reigns, &c.

3. "Here is wine, and milk, and honey;
Come, and purchase without money;
Mercy flowing from a fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain."
Chorus—Jesus reigns, &c.

4. Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.
Chorus—Jesus reigns, &c.

5. Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchased our redemption;
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.
Chorus—Jesus reigns, &c.

GENTLY.

END.

1. O - ver the ocean wave, far, far away, There the poor heathen live, waiting for day:
D. C.—Pity them, pity them, Christians at home, Haste with the bread of life, hasten and come.

2. Bowing to i - dol gods, dai-ly they pray, "Pity us, Juggernaut! we've given away
D. C.—Pity them, pity them, Christians at home, Haste with the bread of life, hasten and come.

END.

D. C.

Groping in ig - norance, dark as the night, No blessed Bible to give them the light.
Lives of our chil-dren dear, thee to ap-pease, Give to us, give to us tokens of peace."

D. C.

3.

Here, in this happy land, we have the light
Shining from God's own word, free, pure and bright;
Shall we not send to them Bibles to read,
Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?
Chorus.—Pity them, &c.

4.

Then while the mission ships glad tidings bring,
List! as that heathen band joyfully sing,
"Over the ocean wave, oh! see them come,
Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."
Chorus.—Pity them, &c.

LOOK ALOFT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. In the tem-pest of life, when the wind and the gale Are a-round and a - bove, if thy foot-ing should
2. If the friend who embraced in prosper - i - ty's glow, With a smile for each joy and a tear for each
3. Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye, Like the tints of the rainbow be swift-er to

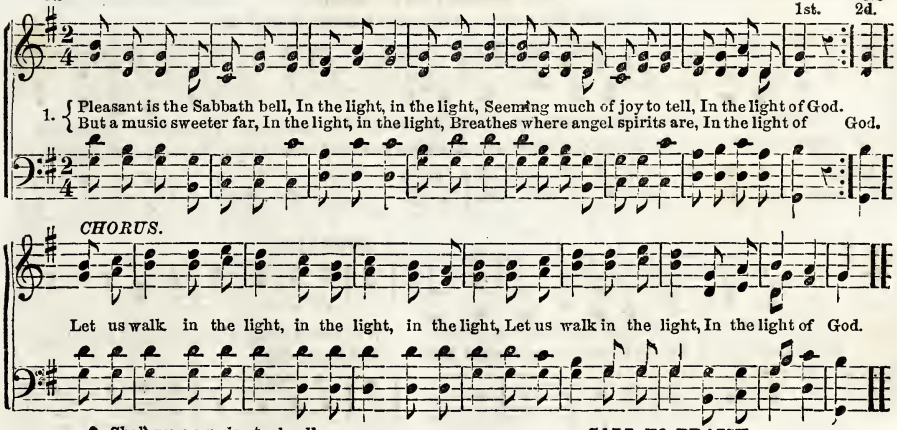
Look a - loft.....

fail, If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution de - part, Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a-
woe, Should betray thee, when sorrows like clouds are arrayed, Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a-
fly, Then turn, and thro' tears of re - pent-ant re - gret, Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a-

- loft, and be firm, and confid - ing of heart, Look a - loft, and be firm, and con-fid-ing of heart.
- loft to the friendship which never shall fade, Look a - loft to the friendship which never shall fade.
- loft to the sun that is nev - er to set, Look a - loft to the sun that is nev-er to set.

4. Should the dearest of earth, the son of thy heart—
The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart;
Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.

5. And, oh! when death comes, in his terrors to cast,
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In the moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, look aloft, and depart.



2. Shall we ever rise to dwell,
In the light, in the light,
Where immortal praises swell,
In the light of God;
And can children ever go,
In the light, in the light,
Where eternal Sabbaths glow,
In the light of God.

Chorus.—Let us walk in the light, &c.

3. Yes, that bliss our own may be,
In the light, in the light,
All the good shall Jesus see,
In the light of God;
For the good a rest remains,
In the light, in the light,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*

CALL TO PRAISE.

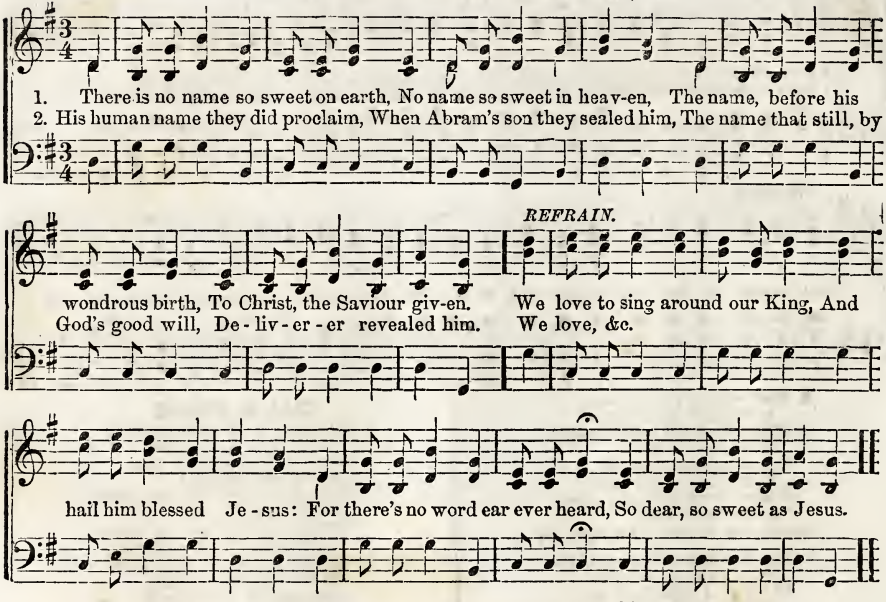
1. Children of the heavenly King,
In the light, in the light,
As we journey, sweetly sing,
In the light of God;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
In the light, in the light,
Glorious in his works and ways,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*

2. We are traveling home to God,
In the light, in the light,
In the way our fathers trod,
In the light of God;
They are happy now, and we,
In the light, in the light,
Soon their happiness shall see,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*

20—*One to every quarter note.*

THE SWEETEST NAME.

"HE HATH GIVEN HIM A NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME," &c.



3. And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For ever more must love him.—*Cho.*

4. So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.—*Cho*

1. Come, chil-dren, let us sweet-ly sing, We are bound for the land of Canaan; All glo-ry give to

CHORUS.

Christ, our King, We are bound for the land of Canaan. Oh, Canaan, bright Canaan, We are bound for the land of

Ca - naan, O Ca - naan, it is my hap-py home, We are bound for the land of Ca-naan.

2. Come then and join our happy band,
We are bound for the land of Canaan;
To ever dwell at Christ's right hand,
We are bound for the land of Canaan.
Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.

3. Then louder still our songs shall rise—
We are bound for the land of Canaan;
When we are far beyond the skies—
We are bound for the land of Canaan.
Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.

SAFE AT HOME.

Words by Hon. Robt. H. Pruyn.* Music by W. B. B.

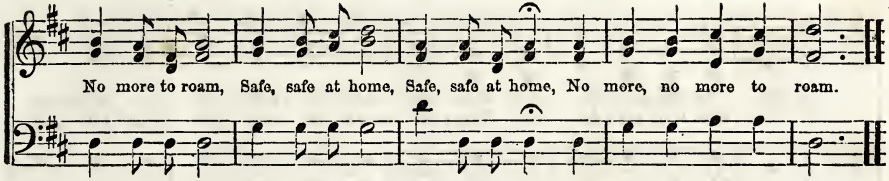
1. When the bat - tle is fought, and the vic - to - ry won, Life's tri - als are end - ed, and
2. The most youth-ful sol - dier will then have a share. In heav - en - ly man-sions pre -

life's du-ties done, Then Je-sus, our Sa-viour, will welcome us home, No more, in this des-ert of
- pared for us there; The song of re-demp-tion, from infants, shall swell, As of Je - sus, to won-der-ing

REFRAIN.

sin we shall roam. Safe, safe at home, Safe, safe at home, No more to roam,
an - gels, they tell.

* *The Refrain has been added to the original hymn.*

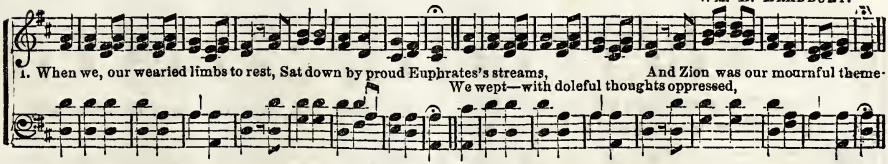


3. Though taken, from earth, in life's earliest morn,
The crown of our Saviour, we 'll ever adorn,
More bright than the stars, will thy ransomed ones shine,
For the radiance, dear Saviour, 's eternally thine.

4. Oh, then will our hearts swell, with rapture supreme,
For Jesus, thy glories will over us beam,
Our minds, with the riches of wisdom, be stored,
For God will be known and for ever adored.

CAPTIVITY. L. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



2. Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent string, neglected hung,
On willow trees that withered there.

3. How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skillful hands?
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

OH, THAT WILL JOYFUL BE.

16—*One to each* ♩

1. Oh, that will joy - ful be, When we walk by faith no more, When the
2. Oh, that will joy - ful be, When to meet us rise and come All our

Lord we loved be - fore As broth-er man we see; When he wel-comes us a-
bur - ied treasures home—A glad-some com-pa - ny. When our arms embrace a-

FULL CHORUS to each stanza.

- bove, When we share his smile of love. Oh, that will joy - ful be, Oh, that will
- gain, Those we mourned so long in vain.

joy - ful, joy - ful be, Oh, that will joy - ful be, Oh, that will joyful, joy-ful be.

3. Oh, that will joyful be,
When the foes we dread to meet,
Every one beneath our feet
We tread triumphantly.
When we never more can know
Slightest touch of pain or woe.
Chorus—Oh, that will, &c.

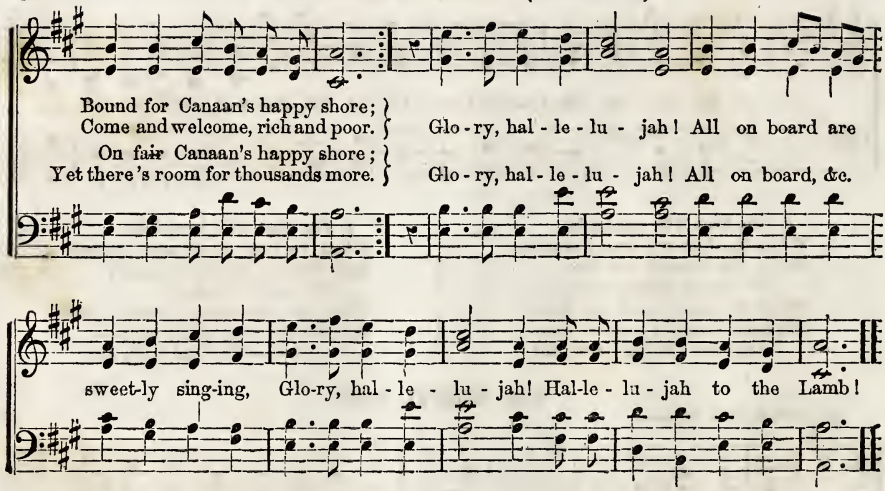
4. Oh, that will joyful be,
When we hear what none can tell,
And the ringing chorus swell
Of angels' melody.
When we join their songs of praise,
Hallelujahs with them raise—
Chorus—Oh, that will, &c.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

25—*Two to each Measure.*

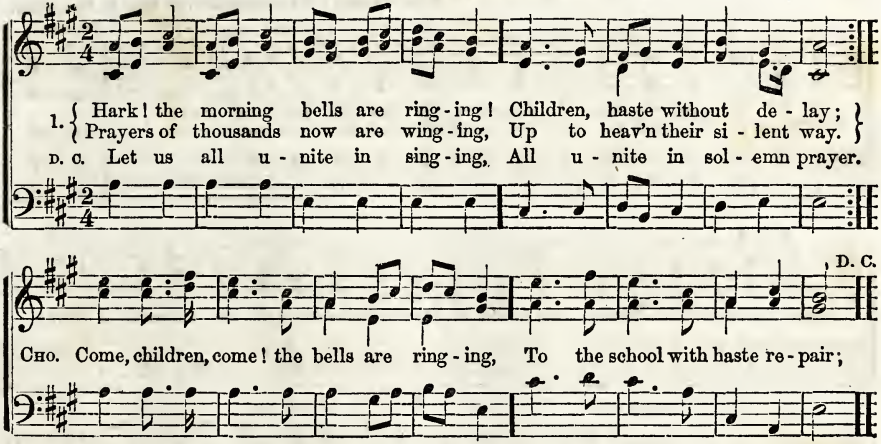
1. { The gos - pel ship is sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, The gos - pel ship is sail - ing,
All who would ship for glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, All who would ship for glo - ry,

2. { She has land-ed ma-ny thousands, thousands, thousands, She has landed ma-ny thousands,
And thousands now are sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, And thousands now are sail-ing,



3. Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Breezes, breezes,
Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along;
Her company are singing,
Singing, singing,
Her company are singing,
Glory, glory is their song.
Chorus—Glory, hallelujah, &c.

4. Take passage now for glory,
Glory, glory,
Take passage now for glory,
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea;
With us you shall be happy,
Happy, happy,
With us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.
Chorus—Glory, hallelujah, &c.



2 'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
Children meet for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting,
Let us then be early there.
Cho.—Come, children, come! &c.

3 Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way;
Nor disturb the school reciting,
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.
Cho.—Come, children, come! &c.

4 Children, haste! the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now unite in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.
Cho.—Come, children, come! &c.

THE BRIGHT CROWN.

From "Oriola." By permission of Wm. B. Bradbury.

Chorus.

1. { Ye val - iant sol- diers of the cross, Ye hap - py, pray - ing band;
Though in this world you suf - fer loss, You'll reach fair Ca-naan's land; }

Let us nev - er mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world, For we've all got the cross to bear;

It will on - ly make the crown the brighter to shine, When we have the crown to wear.

2. All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view,
In Jesus' strength we 'll undertake
To fight our passage through.
Chorus. Let us never, &c.

3. O what a glorious shout there 'll be,
When we arrive at home,
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, "Well done."
Chorus. Let us never, &c.

HEAVENLY CANAAN.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Chorus.—Let us never mind the scoffs, &c, &c.

2. O'er all those wide extended-plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3. No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

4. When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest!
When shall I see my Father's face,
And on his bosom rest?

HEAVEN.

1. There is a clime where Jesus reigns,
A home of grace and love,
Where angels sing, in sweetest strains,
Of his redeeming love.

Chorus.—Let us never mind the scoffs, &c, &c.

2. And children, too, will join to bless
The precious Saviour's name,
Clothed in his perfect righteousness,
And saved from sin and shame.

3. Yet all, alas! may not be there,
For some will slight his grace;
Now, though he calls, they do not care
To turn and seek his face.

4. He says to all "Come unto me,
And I will give you rest."
Oh! linger not, but haste to be
With his salvation blest.

THE BLEST GOSPEL BANNER.

Music,—"*The Star Spangled Banner.*" p. 22.

1. It first was unfurled upon Bethlehem's plain,
Where shepherds their lone starry night-watch were keeping:
And Judea's hills echoed back the refrain,
While God's chosen race all unconscious were sleeping,
As angelic bands lifted high in their hands
The standard which yet was to conquer all lands,
O say, does the blest gospel banner yet wave
Over altars and homes, and the path to the grave?

2. Yes! from dark lonely watch-towers it floated for years,
When dim mists and black shadows enveloped the ages,
At first crimsoned with blood, and then darkened with tears,
With which martyrs recorded their names on earth's pages.
Now hath vanished the night, and we hail the glad light,
Which illumines that banner, unfurled to our sight.
'Tis the blest gospel banner—long may it wave
Over altars, and homes, and the path to the grave.

3. And thus be it ever with the foes of the right,
Who hurl on our cause their fierce imprecations,
For God helps to triumph in his holy might,
The men who will serve him through all generations,
And when dust to dust shall return, as it must,
May we praise him forever, who now is our trust.
And the blest gospel banner in glory shall wave,
Over altars and homes, and the path to the grave!

Kate Cameron.

RESTING AT HOME.

1. Cheer-ful-ly, cheer- ful-ly on-ward we move, A hap-py, bright band to the
2. Cheer-ful-ly, cheer- ful-ly we will at - tend The message which Christ thro' our
3. Cheer-ful-ly, cheer- ful-ly an - gels shall wait, To wel-come us in at the

land that we love, From whose golden gates we shall wander no more, A land where the
teachers shall send, A mes-sage of free-dom, a mes - sage of peace, From Satan's temp-
bright, pear-ly gate'. A Sab-bath so sa - cred! so glo-rious we 'll spend, A long day of

sor - rows of life shall be o'er, Where is freedom from sin, and from sor - row and
- ta - tions a fi - nal re - lease. Oh! welcome the day, when thus ransomed from
rest - ing that nev - er shall end. One sweet song of praise to the Lamb that was

CHORUS to each Verse.

night, A land full of ho - li-ness, beau-ty, and light.
sin, The teach-er and schol-ar shall both en - ter in.
slain! When we pass o - ver Jor-dan we 'll praise him a - gain.
} Pil-grims and strangers, no

more shall we roam, Hap - pi - ly, hap - pi - ly rest - ing at home; Pil-grims and

strangers, no more shall we roam, Hap-pi - ly, hap - pi - ly, rest - ing at home.

CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

36.—*Two to each Measure.* W. B. B.

GENTLY.

1. Chide mild-ly the err - ing, Kind language en-dears, Grief fol - lows the sin - ful,
D. C. The heart which is strick-en Needs nev-er a blow, The heart which is strick - en

END. D. C.

Add not to their tears; A void with re-proach-es Fresh pain to be - stow,
Needs nev - er a blow.

END. D. C.

2.

Chide mildly the erring,
Jeer not at their fall,
If strength be but human,
How weakly were all!
What marvel that footsteps
Should wander astray,
When tempests so shadow
Life's wearisome way.

3.

Chide mildly the erring,
Entreat them with care,
Their natures are mortal,
They need not despair.
We all have some frailty,
We all are unwise,
The grace which redeems us
Must come from the skies.

WHEN THE DAY WITH ROSY LIGHT.

22—*Two to each Measure.*

Words contributed by LUCIUS HART, Esq.

CHEERFULLY.

1. When the day, with ro - sy light, On the Sabbath morn ap - pears.
2. And the dusk - y shades of night Melt a - way in dew - y tears,
3. Soft - ly on the Sab-bath air Swell our hymns of grate-ful love;
4. Je - sus list - ens to our prayer, Hears the children's strains a - bove.
5. He who left his throne a - bove, Poor, lost sin-ners to re - deem,
6. He whose words are life and love— Je - sus Christ shall be our theme.

To the Sabbath school we go, Glad to hear in-struction there; Sing the songs that sweetly flow, And join the sol - emn prayer.

They, who ear - ly seek his grace, Ob - jects of his ten - der care, Sing the songs of end-less praise, In heavenly man-sions fair.

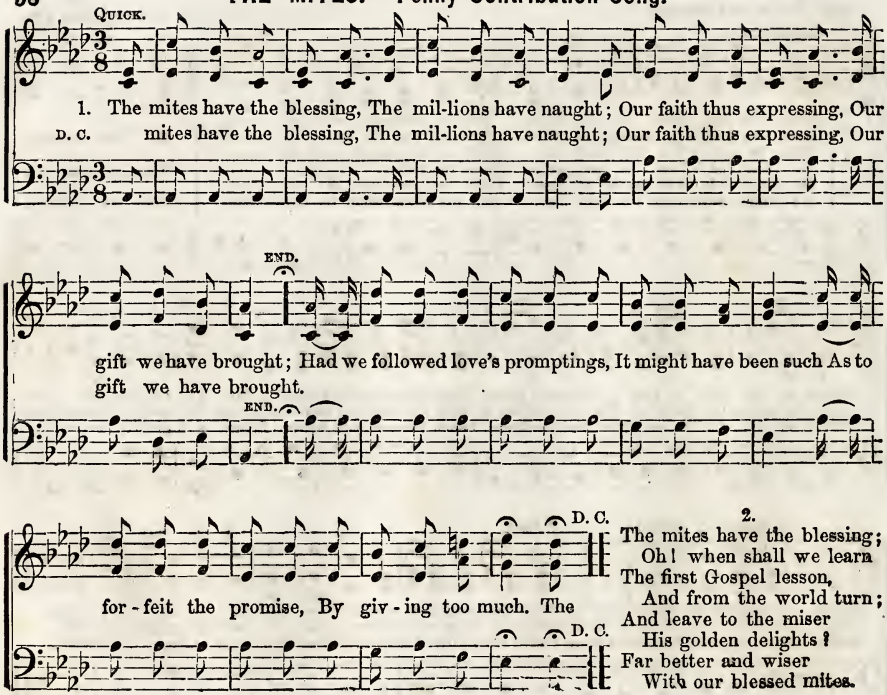
Thus to Sabbath school we go, In its sa - cred du-ties share, Learn the songs of heaven below, And glad-ly wor - ship there.

p Boys. *p Girls.* *f Both.*

Sing the song, Sing the song, Sing the songs that sweetly flow, And join the sol - emn prayer.
Sing the song, Sing the song, Sing the songs of endless praise, In heavenly man-sions fair.
Learn the song, Learn the song, Learn the songs of heaven be-low, And glad-ly wor - ship there.

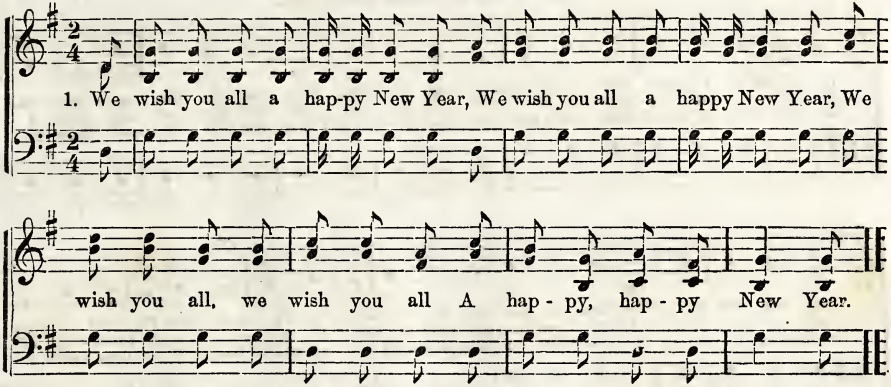
From J. S. Anniversary Hymns. By permission.

THE MITES. Penny Contribution Song.



2.
The mites have the blessing;
Oh! when shall we learn
The first Gospel lesson,
And from the world turn;
And leave to the miser
His golden delights?
Far better and wiser
With our blessed mites.

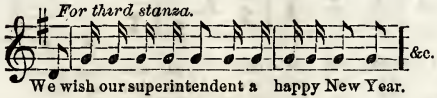
17—*One to each* ♩



2.

|: We wish our teachers a happy New Year, :|
We wish our teachers, wish our teachers
A happy, happy New Year.

For third stanza.



3.

We wish our superintendent a happy New Year,
We wish our superintendent, wish our superin-
A happy, happy New Year. [tendent,

4.

We wish our pastor a happy New Year,
We wish our pastor, wish our pastor
A happy, happy New Year.

5.

We wish our country a happy New Year,
We wish our country, wish our country
A happy, happy New Year.

6.

God bless our land this happy New Year,
God bless our land, God bless our land,
This happy, happy New Year.

THE BIRD'S SONG.

May be sung as a Solo or Semi-Chorus.

QUICK.

1. I asked a sweet rob - in one morn - ing in May, Who sung in the ap - ple tree
2. "Tee - to - tal! oh! that's the first word of my lay, And then, don't you see how I
3. "And now, my sweet Miss, won't you give me a crumb For the dear lit - tle nest - lings re -

o - ver the way, What 'twas she was sing - ing so sweet - ly a - bout; For I'd tried a long
rat - tled a - way? I just have been dip - ping my beak in the spring, And brush - ing the
- main - ing at home; And one thing be - side, since my sto - ry you've heard—I.... hope you'll re -

CHORUS.

time, but I could not find out; "Why, I'm sure," she re - plied, "you can - not guess
face of the lake with my wing; Cold .... wa - ter! cold wa-ter! yes, that is my
- mem-ber the lay of the bird, And .... nev - er for - get, while you list to my

THE BIRD'S SONG. (Concluded.)

Girls. *Boys.*

wrong, Don't you know I am sing - ing a tem - per - ance song? Cold wa - ter! cold
song, And I love to keep sing - ing it all the day long. Cold wa - ter! cold
song, All the birds to the cold wa - ter ar - my be - long." Cold wa - ter! cold

Girls. *Boys.* *All.*

wa - ter! cold wa - ter! cold wa - ter! Don't you know I am sing - ing a cold wa - ter song.

All the birds to the cold wa - ter ar - my be - long.

Spirited.

LABAN. S. M.

L. Mason. 1830.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise; And hosts of sin are pressing hard, To draw thee from the skies.

2. Oh! watch, and fight, and pray;—
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. I've roamed o - ver mountain, I've crossed over flood, I've tra-versed the wave-roll-ing sand;

Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, Yet it was not my own na - tive land.

D. S. Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, Yet it was not my own na - tive land.

END.

CHORUS.

No, no, no, no, no, no, No, no, no, no, no, no,

D. S.

2. The right hand of friendship how oft have I grasped,
And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland;
Yet happier far were the hours that I passed
In the west—in my own native land.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
Yet happier far were the hours, &c.

3. Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love,
Where flourishes Liberty's tree;
'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own native home,
'Tis the land, 't is the land of the free
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, &c.

THE BIBLE.

1. THANK God for the Bible! 't is there that we find
The story of Christ and his love—
How he came down to earth from his beautiful home,
In the mansions of glory above;
Thanks to him we will bring,
Praise to him we will sing,
For he came down to earth from his beautiful home,
In the mansions of glory above.

2. While he lived on this earth, to the sick and the blind,
And to mourners his blessings were given;
And he said let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Jesus calls *us* to come,
He 's prepared us a home.
For he said let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

3. In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
Where sorrow and pain never come;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.
Jesus calls, shall we stay?
No! we 'll gladly obey.
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.

4. Thank God for the Bible! its truths o'er the earth
We 'll scatter with a bountiful hand;
But we never can tell what a Bible is worth,
Till we go to that beautiful land.
There our thanks we will bring,
There with angels we 'll sing,
And its worth we can tell, when with Jesus we dwell,
In heaven—that beautiful land.

MY DEAR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1. To the sports of the thoughtless, or pleasures of sin,
Some give the sweet Sabbath of rest;
But away with all sports, or pleasures so vain,
For my dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the best.
But away with all sports, or pleasures so vain,
For my dear Sunday school is the best.

2. I love my companions, I love youth's gay scenes,
With brightness and purity blest;
Yet better by far is the sweet Sabbath morn,
For my dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the best.
Yet better by far is the sweet Sabbath morn,
For my dear Sunday school is the best.

3. I love the sweet birds, and the fields, and the flowers,
In beauty so charmingly dressed;
But there 's purer delight in the still sacred hours,
For my dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the best,
But there 's purer delight in the still sacred hours,
For my dear Sunday school is the best.

4. Then I 'll sing of my school, and the Sabbath I love,
Bright emblems of heavenly rest;
Thou Guide of my youth—thou Saviour divine!
Oh, bring me to share in that rest,
Bring me to share in that rest,
Bring me to share in that rest.
Thou Guide of my youth—thou Saviour divine!
Oh, bring me to share in that rest,

1. What are these soul-reviving strains Which echo thus from Salem's plains? What anthems loud and louder

CHORUS.—VERY SPIRITED. (20—*Two to the Measure.*)

still, So sweetly sound from Zi-on's hill? Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na to the

Lamb of God! Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na, in the highest, in the highest, in the high-est.

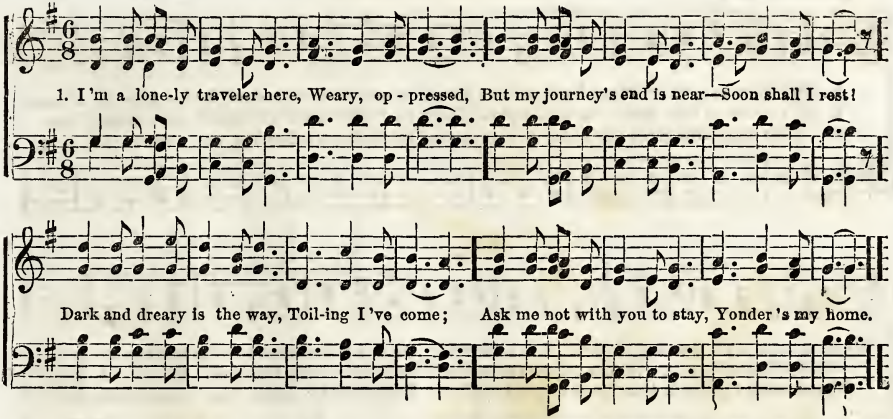
2.
Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
Hosannas to the King of kings,
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.
Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

3.
Messiah's name shall joy impart,
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.
Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

4.
Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout thro' highest heaven.
Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

* *The first movement may appropriately be sung by the Teachers or Choir, with the response* (HOSANNA) *by the Scholars. For a Concert, a pleasing effect may be produced by having a Semi-chorus out of sight, repeat the* "HOSANNAS" *so softly as to give the impression of a Choir at a great distance.*

40—*Two to the Measure.*

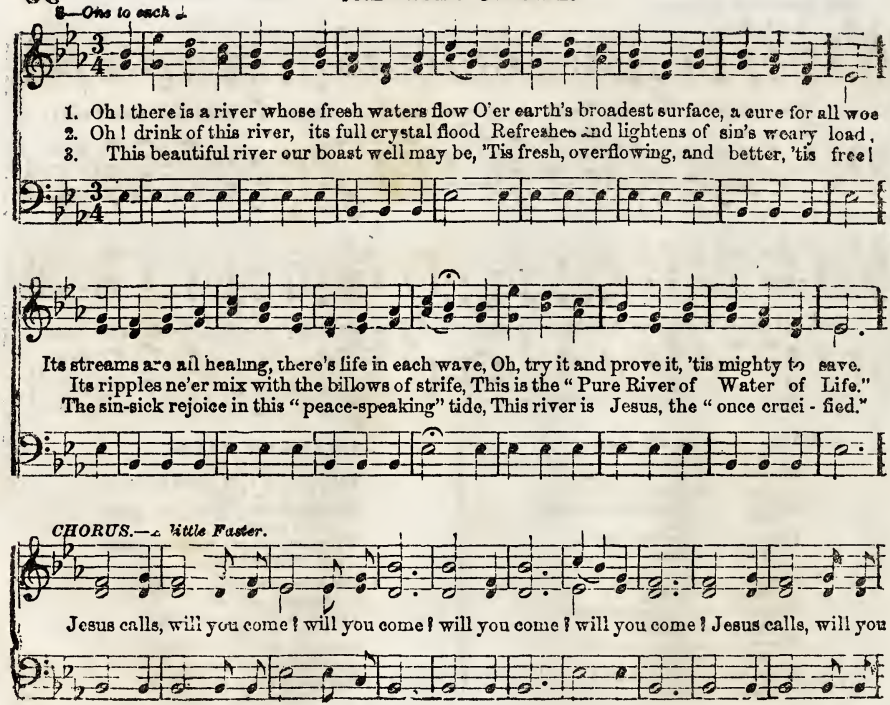


2. I'm a weary traveler here,
I must go on,
For my journey's end is near,
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give,
Win me away;
Pleasures that for ever live—
I can not stay.

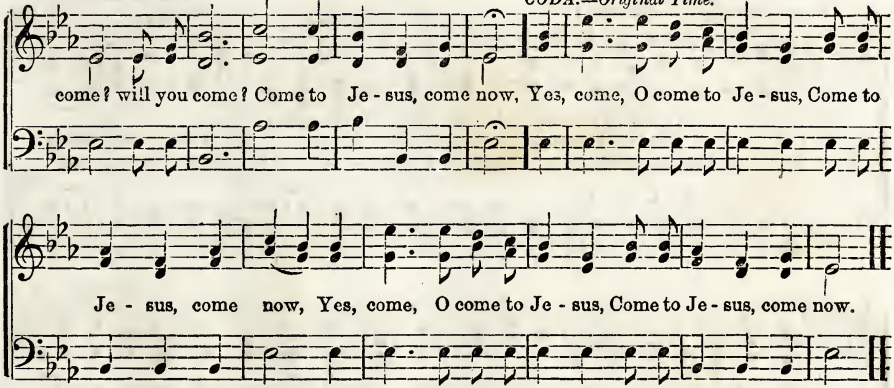
3. I'm a traveler to a land
Where all is fair,
Where is seen no broken band—
All, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

4. I'm a traveler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell, all I've loved below—
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heaven be mine.

5. I'm a traveler—call me not—
Upward my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot;
I can not stay.
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I'll roam;
Hail me not—in vain you call
Yonder's my home.

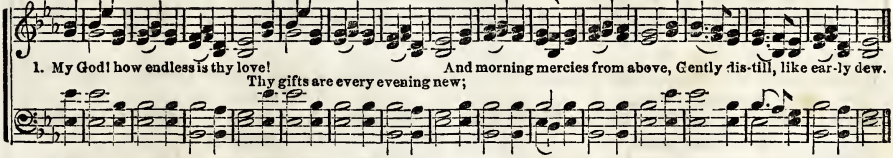

2—One to each ♩
1. Oh! there is a river whose fresh waters flow O'er earth's broadest surface, a cure for all woe
2. Oh! drink of this river, its full crystal flood Refreshes and lightens of sin's weary load,
3. This beautiful river our boast well may be, 'Tis fresh, overflowing, and better, 'tis free!
Its streams are all healing, there's life in each wave, Oh, try it and prove it, 'tis mighty to save.
Its ripples ne'er mix with the billows of strife, This is the "Pure River of Water of Life."
The sin-sick rejoice in this "peace-speaking" tide, This river is Jesus, the "once crucified."
CHORUS.—A little Faster.
Jesus calls, will you come? will you come? will you come? will you come? Jesus calls, will you

CODA.—Original Time.



GRATITUDE. L. M.

BOST.



2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3. I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings, from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HERE IS NO REST.

60—*Two to the Measure.*

MODERATO—GENTLY—SMOOTHLY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st time. 2d time. END.

1. { Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest; } Yet I am blest;
{ Here as a pilgrim I wander a-lone, (OMIT - - - -) }

D. C. My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, (OMIT - - - -) There, there is rest.

END.

D. C.

For I look forward to that glorious day, When sin and sor-row shall vanish a-way;

D. C.

2.

Here are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest.
Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
Blessed are those who have died in the Lord,
They have been called to receive their reward.
There, there is rest.

3.

This world of care is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest;
Here must I bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest.
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary for ever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' own breast—
There, there is rest.

All. *Boys.* *Girls.* *All.*

1. The Sabbath bells are ringing, Ringing, ringing, The Sabbath bells are ringing, Then haste without delay
To join in prayer and singing, Singing, singing, To join in prayer and singing, O children, come a - way.

2. The hour of pleasant meeting, Meeting, meeting, The hour of pleasant meeting, We'll all be ready there;
Teachers and scholars greeting, Greeting, greeting, Teachers and scholars greeting To join in praise and prayer.

3. Let none outside be staying, Staying, staying, Let none outside be staying Or loitering by the way.
But here their lessons saying, Saying, saying, But here their lessons saying, En-joy this blessed day.

CHORUS.

The bells, the Sabbath bells are ring - ing, ring - ing, They call to prayer and to sing-ing, sing - ing, The

pleasant Sabbath bells, Their joy-ful ring-ing tells that the hour for Sabbath School has come.

SWEETLY SING, SWEETLY SING.

Words by Miss J. W. Sampson.

1. Sweet - ly sing, sweet - ly sing, Prais - es to our heaven-ly King; Let us raise,
2. An - gels bright, an - gels bright, Robed in gar-ments pure and white, Chant his praise,

let us raise High our notes of praise; Praise to Him whose name is Love,
chant his praise, In me - lo - dious lays; But from that bright, hap - py throng,

Praise to Him who reigns a - bove; Raise your songs, raise your songs, Now with thank-ful tongues.
Ne'er can come this sweet-est song—Redeeming love, redeeming love, Brought us here a - bove.

3. Far away, far away,
We in sin's dark valley lay,
Jesus came, Jesus came,
Blessed be his name!
He redeemed us by his grace,
Then prepared in heaven a place
To receive—to receive
All who will believe.

4. Now we know—now we know
We from heaven must shortly go;
Soon the call—soon the call
Comes to one and all.
Saviour! when *our* time shall come,
Take us to our heavenly home,
There we'll raise notes of praise,
Through unending days.

TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

1. EARLY rise, early rise,
As the Sabbath school you prize;
Haste away, haste away,
'Tis the Sabbath day.
We must neither work nor play;
Nor from Sabbath school must stay;
This the rule, this the rule,
Go to Sabbath school.

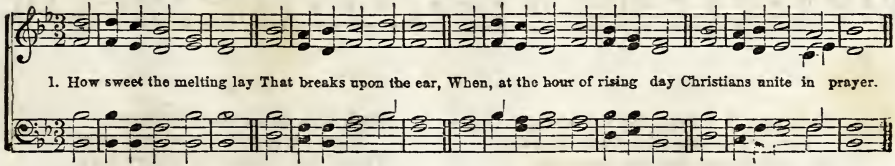
2. Sabbath school, Sabbath school,
How I love the Sabbath school!
Let us go, let us go,
Wiser still to grow.
Here we read, and sing, and pray,
Talk of heaven, and learn the way;
Hie away, hie away,
On this holy day.

3. Children here, children here,
Come to learn, obey, and fear;
Fear the Lord, fear the Lord,
Read his holy word.
Thus shall love and filial fear
Mingle with devotion here,
Pressing on, pressing on,
Youth will soon be gone.

4. We, in youth, we, in youth,
Will obey and love the truth;
Walk therein, walk therein,
Turning from all sin.
Then, when age and death come on,
We may safely lean upon
Jesus' breast, Jesus' breast,
Die, and be at rest.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.



2. The breezes waft their cries,
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their bursting sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3. So Jesus rose to pray,
Before the morning light;
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

SING TO THE SAVIOUR.

25—*Two to each Measure.*

1. Come, come, sing to the Sa-viour, Love, love beams from his eye; Haste, then, share in his fa - vor?
2. Praise, praise, yield him with gladness, Earth, earth, banish thy gloom; Where, death, where is thy sadness?

Worship the Saviour on high. Worship the Saviour, Worship the Saviour, Worship the Saviour on high
Je - sus returns from the tomb, Je-sus re - turns, Je - sus re - turns, Jesus returns from the tomb.

3.

Rise, rise, free from thy mourning,
Light, light, spreads from the sky,
See, see, bright the day dawning,
Jesus is risen on high;
Jesus is risen,
Jesus is risen on high.

4.

Hail, hail, children adore him,
Here, here, anthems should ring,
There, there, dwelling before him,
Loudest hosannas we 'll sing;
Loudest hosannas,
Loudest hosannas we 'll sing.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER. 8s & 7s.

12—*One to each* ♩. "LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER."—*The beloved Disciple.*

1. Chil - dren, do you love each oth - er? Are you al - ways kind and true?
D. C. Not to give of - fense by ac - tions, Or by a - ny thing you say!

END.

Do you al - ways do to oth - ers As you'd have them do to you?
Not to give of - fense by ac - tions, Or by a - ny thing you say? END.

D. C.

Are you gen - tle to each oth - er? Are you care-ful day by day D. C.

2. Little children, love each other—
Never give another pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other;
Never spoil another's rest;
|: Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest. :|

26—*Two to each Measure.* **I WILL BE GOOD, DEAR MOTHER.***

1. "I will be good, dear moth - er," I heard a sweet child say; "I
2. And when night came, that lit - tle one, In kneel - ing down to pray, Said,
3. Je - sus can help us to be good— To Him we'll hum - bly pray; His

will be good—now watch me— I will be good all day." She lift - ed up her
in a soft and whisp'ring tone, "Have I been good to - day?" O ma - ny, ma - ny
grace a - lone can make us good, And keep us good all day. He'll help us hate all

bright young eyes With a soft and pleas - ing smile, Then a moth-er's kiss was
bit - ter tears 'Twould save us did we say, Like that dear child, with
e - vil thoughts, All sin - ful words and ways; And in his ser- vice

* *May be sung as a Song, with Chorus.*

CHORUS.

on her lip, So pure and free from guile. "I will be good, I will be good, I
earnest heart, "I will be good to - day." "I will be good, I will be good, I
take de light Thro' all our earth-ly days. "I will be good, I will be good, I

will be good to-day, I will be good, I will be good, I will be good to-day."

ALEXANDER. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is a time, we know not when, A point, we know not where, That marks the destiny of men, To glory or de - spair.

2. There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

3. How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

25—*Two to each Measure.*

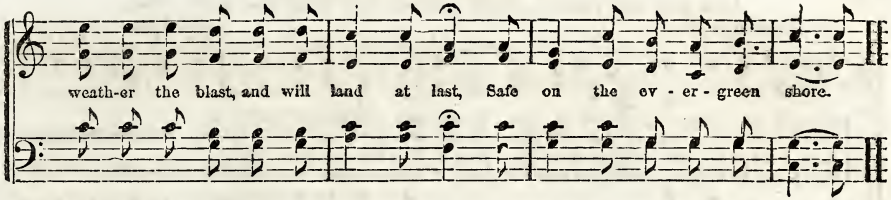
Words by Wm. Hunter, D. D. Music by W. B. B.

1. We are joy - ous - ly voy - ag - ing o - ver the main, Bound for the ev - er - green
2. We have no - thing to fear from the wind and the wave, Un - der our Sa - viour's com-

shore, Whose in - hab - it - ants nev-er of sick-ness complain, And nev-er see death a - ny more.
mand; And our hearts in the midst of the dan-gers are brave; For Je-sus will bring us to land.

CHORUS to each Stanza.

Then let the hur - ri - cane roar, It will the soon - er be o'er; We will
roar, ...



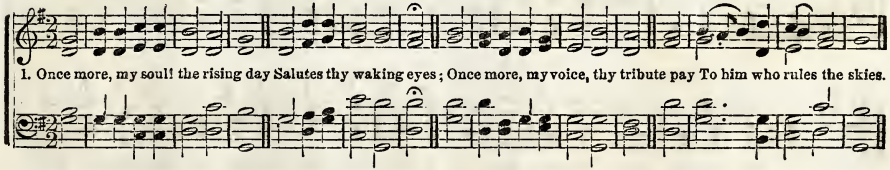
3. Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls;
Nothing can baffle his skill:
And his voice when the thundering hurricane rolls,
Can make the loud tempest be still.—*Chorus.*

4. In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon,
Send not a glimmering ray,
Then the light of his countenance, brighter than noon,
Will drive all our terror away.—*Chorus.*

5. Let the high heaving billow and mountainous wave,
Fearfully overhead break;
There is one by our side that can comfort and save;—
There 's one who will never forsake.—*Chorus.*

6. Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock, or the shoal.
Sink to be seen never more:
He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul,
Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.—*Chorus.*

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.



2. Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heaven, on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3. 'T is he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

THE BETTER LAND.

"BUT NOW THEY DESIRE A BETTER COUNTRY, THAT IS AN HEAVENLY."—*Paul.*

17—*One to each* ♩ *CHORUS.*

1. { Boys. Whither, pilgrims, are you go - ing, Go-ing each with staff in hand? }
   { Girls. We are go - ing on a jour-ney, Go-ing at our King's command. } { O - ver hills, and plains, and
2. { Boys. Fear ye not the way so lone - ly, You, a lit - tle, fee - ble band? }
   { Girls. No, for friends, unseen, are near us, Ho - ly an - gels round us stand. } { Christ, our leader, walks be-

val - leys, We are go - ing to his pal - ace, We are go - ing to his pal ace, Go - ing'
- side us, He will guard and he will guide us, He will guard and he will guide us, Guide us

to the bet - ter land; We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Go-ing to the bet-ter land.
to that bet - ter land; He will guard and he will guide us, Guide us to that bet-ter land.

3.

BOYS. Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off, better land?
GIRLS. Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a Saviour's loving hand.
ALL. We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright, that better land.

4.

BOYS. Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
GIRLS. Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
ALL. Come, oh come, and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better land.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

25—*Two to each Measure.* "I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD."—*Jesus.*

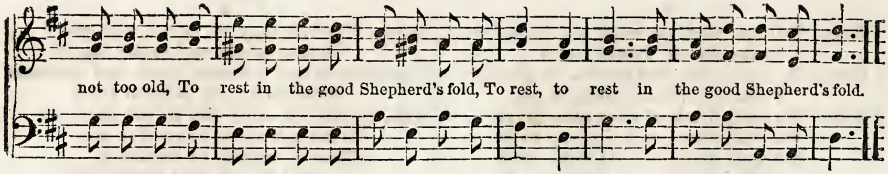
Words by KATE CAMERON.

1. GIRLS. Oh, come to the good Shep - herd, And rest with - in his fold; He'll guard you from temp-
BOYS. His love is all - suf - fi - cient, His grace will bear you through, He'll aid you in your

CHORUS to each Stanza.

- tation, He'll keep you—young and old.
du - ties, And teach you what to do.

Then come, Oh come, yes, come, come, come, You're not too young, You're



2.

GIRLS. Oh, who would wish to wander
From such a fold as this?
Without is gloomy terror,
Within is perfect bliss.

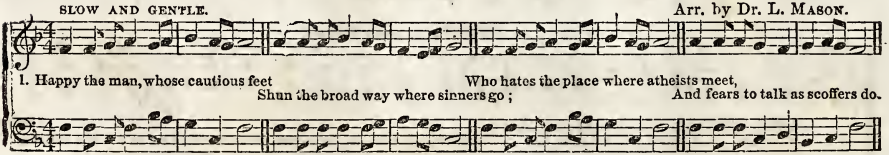
BOYS. Though rough the path, and thorny,
You will be safe from harm,
From all your foes defended,
By the good Shepherd's arm.
Chorus.—Then come, &c.

3.

GIRLS. The world is full of trials,
And sorrow comes to all;
But happy those who listen
To the good Shepherd's call.

BOYS. For every grief that darkens,
And all the tears that dim,
Are sent to us in mercy,
To draw us nearer him.
Chorus.—Then come, &c.

HAMBURG. L. M.



2. He loves t' employ his morning light,
Among the statutes of the Lord,
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3. He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.

1. Ho - ly Fa-ther, thou hast taught me, I should live to thee a - lone; Year by year, thy hand hath brought me On thro' dan - gers oft un-known. When I wandered, thou hast found me; When I doubt - ed, sent me light, Still thine arm has been a-round me, All my paths were in thy sight.

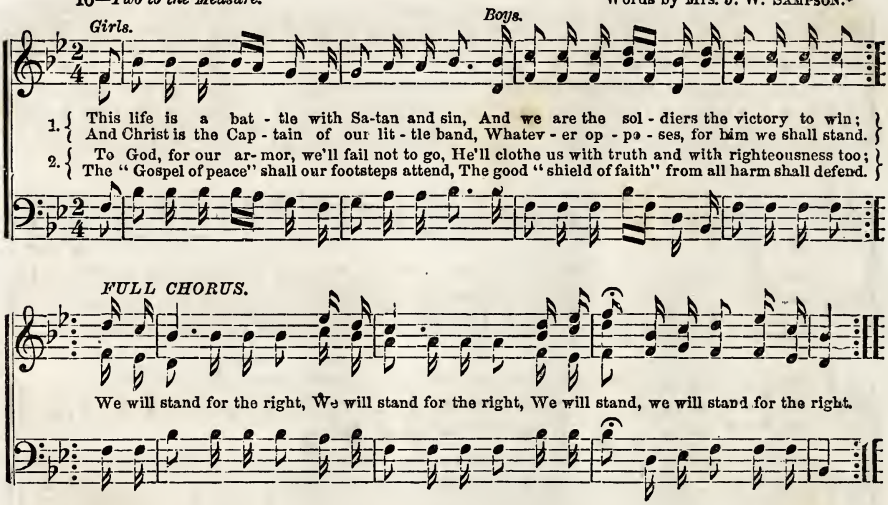
2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Thro' the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

WE'LL STAND FOR THE RIGHT, or LIFE'S BATTLE. *

10—*Two to the Measure.*

Words by Mrs. J. W. Sampson.*



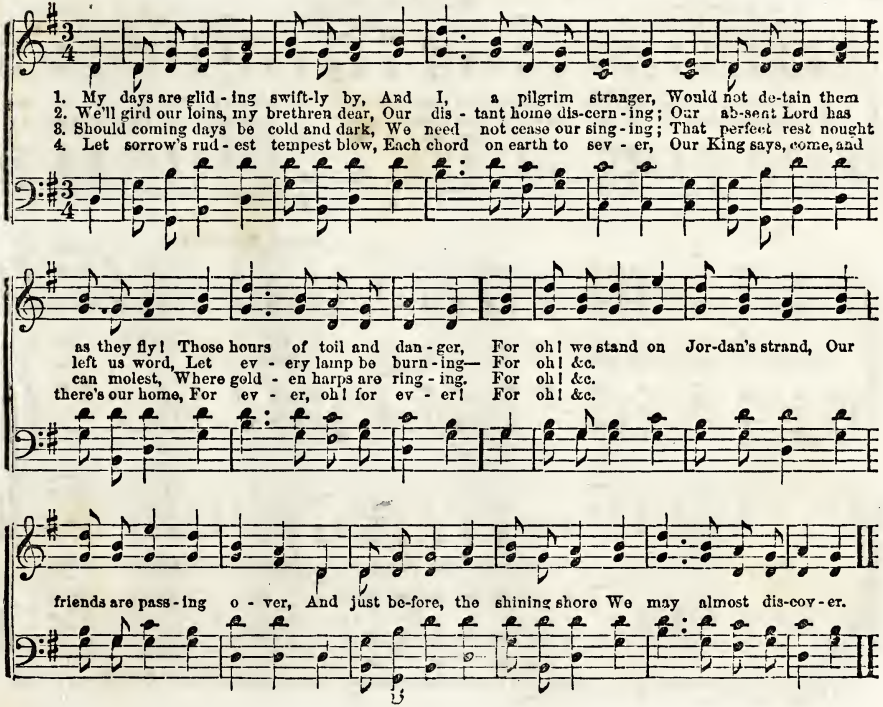
3.

Salvation our helmet, the Bible our sword,
Tho' wily our foes, we're "strong in the Lord;"
While watching and praying our armor keeps bright,
Our Jesus will help us to stand for the right.
Chorus.—We will stand, &c.

4.

Tho' little temptations (the worst ones of all)
Will often beset us, to make us to fall;
We'll "stand up for Jesus," and, when life is o'er,
For us He'll be standing on Jordan's bright shore.
Chorus.—We will stand, &c.

* From "*Sabbath Chimes.*"


1. My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not de-tain them
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our dis - tant home dis-cern - ing; Our ab-sent Lord has
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing; That perfect rest nought
4. Let sorrow's rud - est tempest blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er, Our King says, come, and
as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger, For oh! we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our
left us word, Let ev - ery lamp be burn - ing— For oh! &c.
can molest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing. For oh! &c.
there's our home, For ev - er, oh! for ev - er! For oh! &c.
friends are pass - ing o - ver, And just be-fore, the shining shore We may almost dis-cov - er.

26—*Two to each Measure.* **TREASURES IN HEAVEN. C. M. With Chorus.**

*First Semi-Chorus.** *Second Semi-Chorus.*

1. Je - ru - sa-lem, di - vine a - bode, (Our treas-ures are in heaven;) The cit - y of the
2. The splen-dors of e - ter - nal morn, (Our treas-ures are in heaven;) Thy lof - ty walls and

FULL CHORUS.

liv - ing God, (Our treas - ures are in heaven.) O Je - ru - sa-lem! bright home a -
towers a - dorn, (Our treas - ures are in heaven.) O Jerusalem, &c.

- bove, When shall we leave this world of care, And with the saints thy glories share, The home of love.

* Or, the choir may sing the first part, and the children respond "Our treasures, &c." Or Sabbath schools and infant classes may sing it in like manner.

3. There angel forms in fadeless youth,
(Our treasures are in heaven—)
Obey the God of love and truth,
(Our treasures are in heaven.)
Chorus.—O, Jerusalem, &c.

4. There saints, in life's fair book enrolled,
(Our treasures are in heaven—)
Walk joyous through the streets of gold,
(Our treasures are in heaven.)
Chorus.—O, Jerusalem, &c.

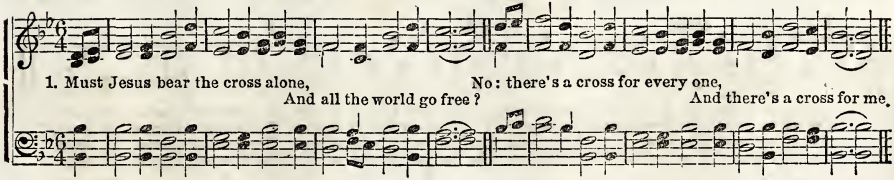
5. There white-robed throngs, with waving palms,
(Our treasures are in heaven—)
Triumphant chant their holy psalms,
(Our treasures are in heaven.)
Chorus.—O, Jerusalem, &c.

6. And roll the anthem of their joy,
(Our treasures are in heaven—)
Like mighty thunders through the sky,
(Our treasures are in heaven.)
Chorus.—O, Jerusalem, &c.

7. Our palace there already waits,
(Our treasures are in heaven—)
Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
(Our treasures are in heaven.)
Chorus.—O, Jerusalem, &c.

8. We come through Jesus' blood to claim,
(Our treasures are in heaven—)
Our mansions in Jerusalem,
(Our treasures are in heaven.)
Chorus.—O, Jerusalem, &c.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.



2. How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3. The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear—
For there's a crown for me.

ALLEGRETTO.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

HENRY TUCKER.

1. Joy to the sons of men On this bright Christmas morn! List to the welcome words again That
2. Joy to earth's sorrowing child On this calm, peaceful morn! The ho - ly, harmless, un - de-filed, Can
3. Joy to the sick and poor, "Blessed are they that mourn;" If they sub-mis-sive - ly en-dure, And
4. Love, joy, good-will, and peace, Since that first Christmas morn, Have come to earth, and ne'er shall cease. To

charm our waiting hearts, as when The shepherds heard with glad a-maze Th' an-nounce-ment of an -
soothe his breast with comfort mild; The hymn that floats a - long the air Shall find an an - swer
trust his ho - ly prom - ise sure: He comes all sor - row to re - lieve, To com - fort all who
Him who purchased our release, Our hearts, redeemed from death, we'll bring, And humbly, grate-ful -

Girls. *All.* *f*

- gel - ic lays, "A Saviour Christ is born, A Saviour Christ is born, A Saviour Christ is born."
echoing there—"The Saviour Christ is born, The Saviour Christ is born, The Saviour Christ is born."
will be-lieve—"The Saviour Christ is born, The Saviour Christ is born, The Saviour Christ is born."
- ly we'll sing, "The Saviour Christ is born, The Saviour Christ is born, The Saviour Christ is born."

f

WM. B. BRADBURY. From "ORIOLA."

CHORUS. Cres.

Girls. {We are out on the ocean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
Boys. {We are out on the ocean sailing, To a home be-yond the tide. } All the storms will soon be over,
Girls. {Mil-lions now are safe-ly land-ed, O - ver on the gold-en shore;
Boys. {Millions more are on their journey, Yet there's room for millions more. } All the storms will soon be over,

f

Then we'll anchor in the har-bor; We are out on the o-cean sail-ing, To a home be-yond the tide;

f

We are out on the ocean sailing, To a home beyond the tide.

2.
Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.—*Cho.*

3.
When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we 'll sing for evermore.—*Cho.*

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW. Song and Chorus.

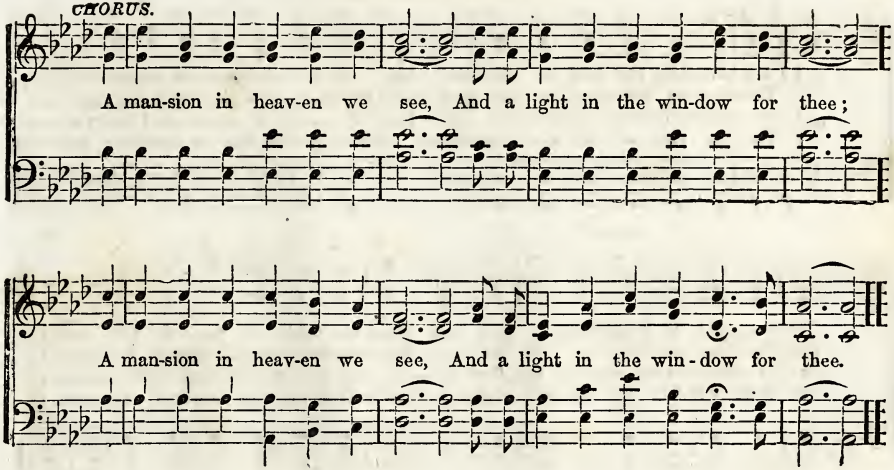
The following interesting incident has given rise to the beautiful song, "A Light in the Window."

A boy, at the age of twelve years, worked out by the day to support a widowed mother, carrying home his earnings at night. "One night," he says, "it being very dark and muddy, and having three miles to travel, and a heavy bundle to carry, I did not reach home until late: my mother, feeble and weary, had retired, but she quickly aroused when she heard my voice, and soon met me at the door, with a warm kiss, and warmer tears, and a 'God bless you, my dear boy.' As she received my bundle, she exclaimed, 'After this, my son, I'll set a light in the window for you;' and, true to her word, the bright light in the window appeared, and Oh! how it cheered my heart ever after, for years. Health failing me, I left home, (after my brothers could help mother), and went to sea. When three years from home, and on the Pacific Ocean, my mother died; but just before she expired, she said to those around her, 'O give Edward my dying blessing, for he has been a good boy. Tell him I have gone to Heaven, and I will set a light in the window for him.'"

SOLO, or a few voices. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There's a light in the win-dow for thee, brother, There's a light in the win-dow for thee;
2. There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother, When from toil and from care you are free,

A dear one has moved to the mansions a-bove, There's a light in the win-dow for thee.
The Saviour has gone to pre-pare you a home, With a light in the win-dow for thee.



3.

D watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.
Chorus. A mansion in heaven we see, &c.

4.

Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free,
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.
Chorus. A mansion in heaven we see, &c.

1. { I am bound for the land of the liv - ing, O hin - der me not on my way;
The flowers that bloom in my path - way Breathe o-dors that waft me right on;

2. { I am weaned from this land of the dy - ing; De - cay is enstamped everywhere;
The joy - rays of life are remembered Like sleep-thoughts that float thro' the brain,

The sun-light is bright'ning be-fore me That her - alds e - ter - ni - ty's day.
They lure me no long - er to tar - ry, But welcome earth's time to be gone.
Earth's pleasures are seeming and fleet-ing— My soul has grown weak with its care.
The flesh and the spi - rit are weaving, Each striv-ing the mastery to gain.

ff REFRAIN. *Joyfully.*

There's a hap - py home be-yond this world of care; A home above, where

all is love, And the good shall all meet there; A home a - bove, where

Coda for Last Stanza.

all is love, And the good shall all meet there. Shall all meet there, shall all meet there.

3. I am waiting the summons that bids me
No longer a pilgrim to roam,
But, leaving the past in this death-land,
Make the land of the living my home.
The messenger-angel stands waiting,
The signal to whisper to me,
That the place is prepared for my dwelling,
And the Master is calling for me.

4. The land of the living is yonder;
There life to its fullness has grown;
There sin, and temptation, and sorrow,
And sickness, and death are unknown.
There the songs of redemption are chanted,
By a holy, harmonious band;
O, when shall I leave this clay casket,
And fly to my home in that land?

JERUSALEM! MY HAPPY HOME.

1. Je - ru - sa-lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me; When shall my la - bors
2. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sor-row know; Blest seats, thro' rude and

REFRAIN.

have an end In joy, and peace, and thee! O Ca-naan dear, O Ca - naan dear,
storm - y scenes I on - ward press to you.

Hap - py, hap - py land, Thy name we love, all names a-bove, Ca - naan, bless-ed Ca - naan.

3. Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.—*Refrain.*

4. Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.—*Refrain.*

1. An-gels are hovering round, Hovering round, hovering round, An - gels are hovering round— Then

REFRAIN.

Christian, nev-er fear. Cheer up, then, pil - grim, never-more de-spair; For Jesus sends his

For Jesus sends

an - gel, And he is ev - er near, For Je-sus sends his an-gel, And he is ev-er near.

For Jesus sends

2. Spirits blest are hovering round,
Hovering round, hovering round;
Spirits blest are hovering round,
Then Christian, never fear.—*Refrain.*

3. Dear friends are hovering round,
Hovering round, hovering round;
Dear friends are hovering round,
Then Christian, never fear.—*Refrain.*

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Sa - viour, like a shepherd lead us. Much we need thy tenderest care; In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare. Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are; Bless-ed. Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2. We are thine, do thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep thy flock, from sin de- - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray. Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear young chil - dren when they pray, Bless-ed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Hear young children when they pray.

3. Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
Let us early turn to thee.

4. Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

MODERATO.

Teachers. *Response by Scholars.* *Teachers.*

1. { Who was in a manger laid? Je-sus, blessed Jesus.
Who for money was betrayed? Je-sus, blessed Jesus. } Who up Calva - ry was led?

2. { Who can hear us when we call? Je-sus, blessed Jesus.
Who the dearest friend of all? Je-sus, blessed Jesus. } Who a-lone can do us good,

Scholars. *All.*

Who for us his life-blood shed? Jesus Christ, creation's head, Jesus, blessed Je-sus.
When we're tossed on Jordan's flood? Jesus Christ, our risen Lord, Jesus, blessed Jesus.

3.

Teach.—Who can rob the grave of gloom?
Schol.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.
Teach.—Who can raise us from the tomb?
Schol.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.
Teach.— { When before the Judge we wait,
Who will open heaven's gate?
Schol.—Jesus Christ, our Advocate;
All.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.

4.

Teach.—Who will give us sweetest rest?
Schol.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.
Teach.—Who in heaven shall we love best?
Schol.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.
Teach.— { At his feet our crowns we'll fling,
While with rapturous songs we sing,
Schol,—Jesus Christ, our Saviour King,
All.—Jesus, blessed Jesus.

6—*One to each* ♩.

HAIL, HAIL THIS HAPPY DAY.

1. When the Sabbath bell is ring - ing, Let us come with - out de - lay; And u - nite with

CHORUS.

thou-sands sing - ing, In their Sun-day-schools to - day. Hail, hail, this hap - py day,

Hail, hail this hap - py day, Hail this day, hail this day, Hail this hap-py day.

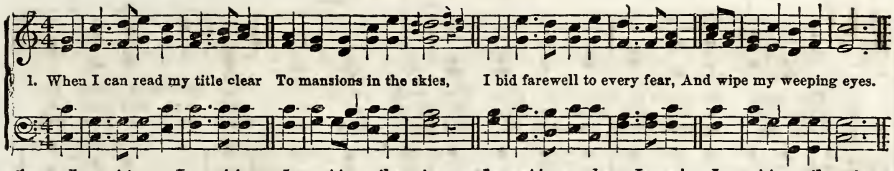
Yes, hail this day,

2. These are happy hours of meeting,
When we hear the voice of prayer;
But these hours are short and fleeting:
Let us then be early there.—*Chorus.*

3. We shall keep our teachers waiting,
If we tarry by the way;
Or disturb the school reciting,
On this holy Sabbath day.—*Chorus.*

4. Here the blessed gospel shows us
All its precious stores of truth;
And the Holy Spirit woos us
From transgression in our youth.—*Chorus.*

5. When the Sabbath bell is ringing,
Let us to the school repair,
That we may unite in singing,
And together kneel in prayer.—*Chorus.*



2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
Chorus.—I want to go.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall—
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
Chorus.—I want to go.

4. There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
Chorus.—I want to go.

EVERLASTING LIFE.

1. THERE is a fold where none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night, is never seen.

2. Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

3. One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this;
I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
And bear me home to bliss.

4. Soon at his feet my soul will lie,
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

5. Far from this guilty world, to be
Exempt from toil and strife;
To spend eternity with thee,
My Saviour, this is life.

CHRIST'S LOVE TO CHILDREN.

1. SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs
And folds them in his arms.

2. "Permit them to approach," he cries,
Nor scorns their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

3. Oh! let us then with pleasure hear,
And seek the Saviour's face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

20—*One to each Quarter Note.*

HEAVENLY REST.

Arranged from WRIGHTON.

1. The soul on earth is doom'd to pine For rest, sweet rest; 'Tis Heaven a - lone, in joys di - vine, Can give sweet rest. There, with bright-est an - gels glow-ing,
2. Life is a sad and wea - ry day— It gives no rest; In care and pain it wears a - way, And brings no rest. But earth's sor - rows have their meas-ure,
3. Then let us trust, 'mid good and ill, The prom - ised rest, Since tri - al here will sweet- en still, Our heaven - ly rest. Joy from trou - ble we may bor - row,

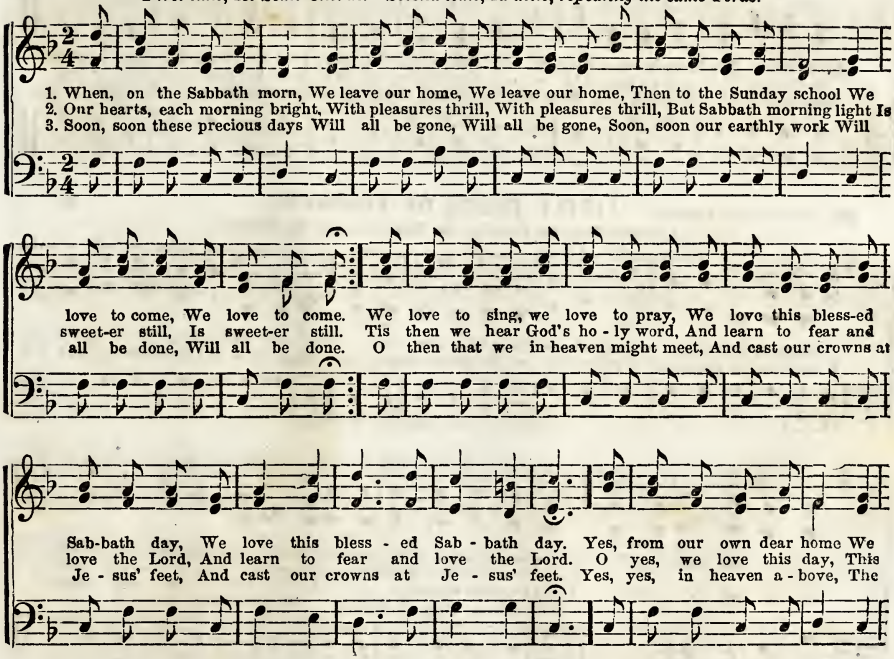
END.

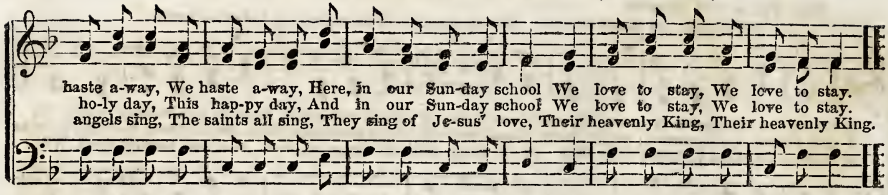
END.

Joy - ful an-thems ev - er flow-ing, Je - sus see - ing, lov-ing, knowing, Is rest, sweet rest.
End - ing in e - ter - nal pleas-ure, When in heaven we find the treasure Of rest, sweet rest.
Pleas-ure from our hours of sor-row, While we wait the dawniug morrow Of heav'n's sweet rest.

30.—*Two to each Measure.*

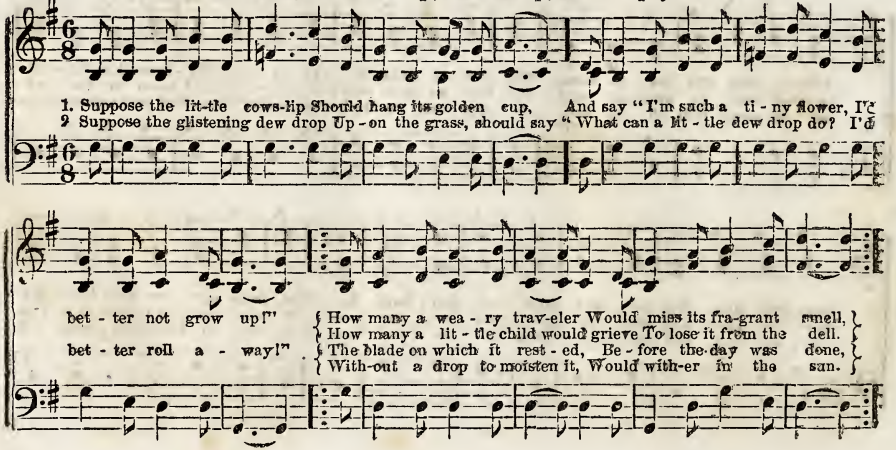
First time, 1st Semi-Chorus. Second time, 2d ditto, repeating the same words.

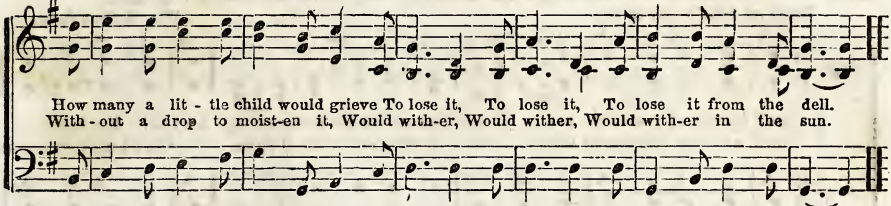




20.—*Two to each Measure.* **LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.** ✻

A Lesson from the Cowslip, the Dew-drop, and the Zephyr.





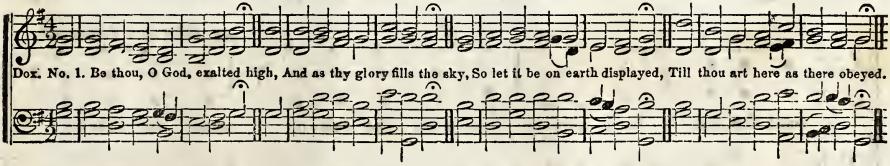
3.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveler on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
[:In talking:] ever so.

4.

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too.
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do,
[:For others,:] by his love.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



DOXOLOGY. No. 2.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

DOXOLOGY. No. 3.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

TRIO or SEMI-CHORUS. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Shall hymns of grateful love,.. Thro' heaven's high arches ring, And all the hosts a-
2. Shall ev - ery ransomed tribe... Of A-dam's scattered race, To Christ all powers as-

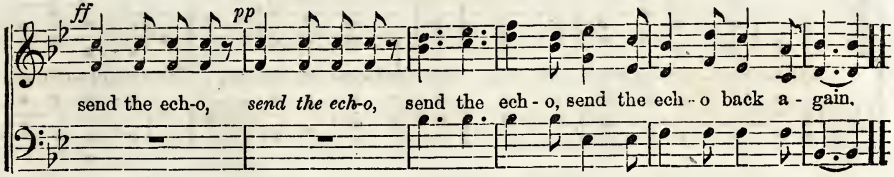
FULL CHORUS. ff

- bove.... Their songs of triumph sing. And shall not we take up the strain, And
- scribe,.. Who saved them by his grace. And shall not we take up, &c.

ff *pp* *Echo at a distance.**

send the ech - o back a-gain? And send the ech - o, *send the ech - o,*

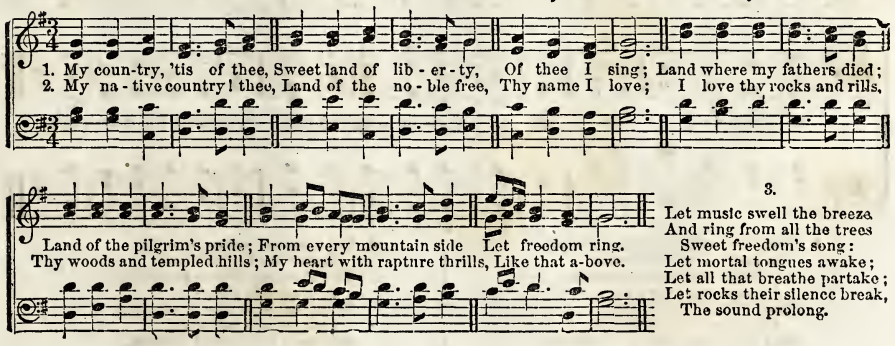
* The echo, for a concert, should be performed by two voices at a distance from the others, or in an adjoining room. If not intended for a concert, it may be sung with good effect by a semi-chorus, or by all the girls.



3. Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with his blood,
And all the love record,
That led them home to God.
Chorus. And shall not we take up, &c.

4. Then spread the joyful sound
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around,
Salvation through his name.
Chorus. Till all the world take up, &c.

Maestoso. **AMERICA. National Hymn.** Words by F. S. SMITH.



3.
Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

G. J. Webb.

1. The morn- ing light is break - ing, The dark-ness dis-appears; The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten-tial tears: Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings ti - dings from a - far Of na - tions in com-mo-tion Prepared for Sion's war.

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

3. See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord is come.

SABBATH MORNING HYMN.

1. The rosy light is dawning
Upon the mountain's brow;
It is the Sabbath morning,
Arise and pay thy vow.
Lift up thy voice to heaven
In sacred praise and prayer,
While unto thee is given
The light of life to share.

2. The landscape, lately shrouded
By evening's paler ray,
Smiles beauteous and unclouded
Before the eye of day.
So let our souls, benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
Lord, by thy smiles be lighted
To joys that never fade.

3. O see those waters streaming
In crystal purity,
While earth, with verdure teeming,
Gives rapture to the eye.
Let rivers of salvation
In larger currents flow,
Till every tribe and nation
Their healing virtues know.

EVENING HYMN.

1. The mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west:
So every care subsiding
My soul would sink to rest.
The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close—
May angels, round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

2. The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high:
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illume the sky.
In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break:
O, on the last bright morning,
May I in glory wake.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day:
"Ye are the men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the Gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger
Be never wanting there.

4. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be:
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

A FRIEND THAT 'S EVER NEAR.

30—*Two to the Measure.*

"FEAR NOT FOR I AM WITH THEE."

QUICK.

1. Tho' the days are dark with trouble, And thy heart is filled with fear, There is One that
2. All thy prospects will seem brighter When the shadow leaves the heart, And the steps of
3. Soon will dawn a brighter morning On a blessed, tranquil shore; Sighs will then give

sees thee ev - er, And will hold thee near and dear. Cheerful hearts and smil-ing fa - ces
time beat light-er, When the gloomy clouds depart. Ma - ny days have dawned serene - ly,
place to singing, Tears to bliss for ever-more. Thou shalt see a world of glo-ry,

Of - ten make thee happy here, Yet no one was e'er so happy But sometimes the clouds appear.
While the birds sang with delight, But the skies were dark and gloomy Ere the sun had reach'd its height.
And e - ter-nal joy and bliss; Let not then thy soul be moaning O'er the woes and cares of this.

REFRAIN.

There 's a friend that's ever near, Never fear, He is ev - er near, Nev - er, nev - er fear.

Repeat pp

There's a friend that's ev - er near, Nev - er fear, He is ev - er near, Never fear

LOTTIE. S. M.

CODA for last stanza.

1. How gentle God's commands! How kind his precepts are! "Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

Coda. And bear a song away.

2. His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3. Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
O seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4. His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

16—*One to each* ♪

1. Beyond this life of hopes and fears, Beyond this world of griefs and tears, There is a region
2. Its glorious gates are closed to sin; Nought that defiles can enter in To mar its beauty

fair. It knows no change and no de - cay, No night, but one un - end - ing day.
rare. Up - on that bright, e - ter - nal shore, Earth's bitter curse is known no more.

FULL CHORUS to each Stanza.

Oh say, will you be there? Oh say, will you be there? Oh say, oh say, oh say, will you be there?

3. No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No hoary head, no weary sigh,
No pain, no grief, no care;
But joys which mortals may not know,
Like a calm river, ever flow.
Oh say, will you be there?

4. Our Saviour, once as mortal child,
As mortal man, by man reviled,
There many crowns doth wear;
While thousand thousands swell the strain
Of glory to the Lamb once slain!
Oh say, will you be there?

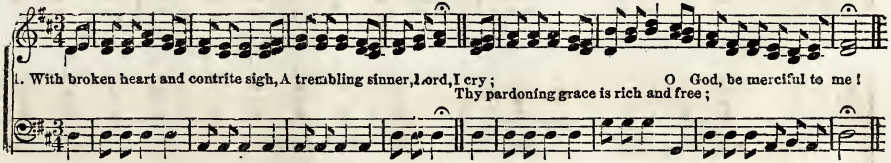
Who shall be there? The lowly here—
All those who serve the Lord in fear,
The world's proud mockery dare!
Who, by the Holy Spirit led,
Rejoice the narrow path to tread:—
Oh, they shall all be there!

6. Those who have learnt at Jesus' cross
All earthly gain to count but loss,
So that his love they share;
Who, gazing on the Crucified,
By faith can say, "For me he died:"
Oh, they shall all be there!

7. Will you be there? You shall, you must,
If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,
Who did that place prepare.
Still doth his voice sound sweetly, "Come!
I am the way—I'll lead you home—
With me, you shall be there!"

SEMA. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2. I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me!

3. Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me!

O, WHO'S LIKE JESUS?

25—*Two to each Measure.*

*May be sung as Solo, Quartette, or Semi-Chorus.**

CHORUS.†

1. Who came from heaven to ran - som me? Je - sus, who died up - on the tree.

SOLO or QUARTET. *CHORUS.* *REFRAIN.—All.*

ff

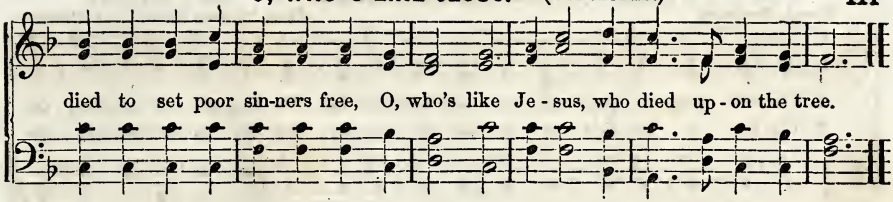
Why did he come from heaven above? He came be-cause his name was "Love." O, who's like

Je - sus, who died on the tree, He died for you, he died for me, He

* *By Choir or School.*

† *For Children.*

O, WHO'S LIKE JESUS. (CONCLUDED.)



2. And did he die—the Son of God?
Yes, on the cross he shed his blood.
Why did my Lord and Saviour bleed?
That we from evil might be freed.—*Cho.*

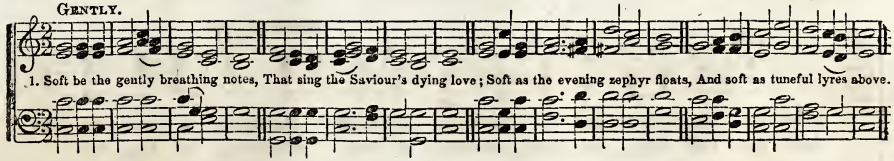
3. When he had died, what happened then?
On the third day he rose again.
Where did he go when he had risen?
He went to God's right hand in heaven.—*Cho.*

4. Where is he now? Is he still there?
Yes, and he pleads with God in prayer.
What does he pray for, and for whom?
He prays that we to him might come.—*Cho.*

5. Should we not come? Should we not come?
Oh! yes, Christ is the sinner's home;
Christ is the weary sinner's home—
Oh, let us come! oh, let us come!—*Cho.*

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2. Soft as the morning dews descend,
While warbling birds exulting soar;
So soft to our almighty Friend
Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

3. Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid orb of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

Words by R. P. Clark.

MARCHING ALONG.

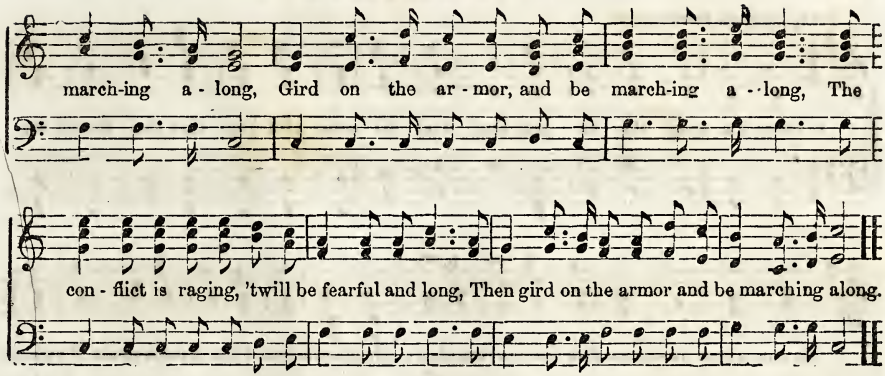
Wm. B. Bradbury,
From "Golden Chain," by permission.

March Movement.

1. The chil - dren are gath-'ring from near and from far, The trumpet is sounding the call for the war, The con - flict is raging, 't will be fear - ful and long, We 'll gird on our armor, and be marching a - long. Marching a - long, we are

2. The foe is be - fore us in bat - tle ar - ray, But let us not wav - er nor turn from the way, The Lord is our strength, be this ev - er our song, With cour - age and faith we are marching a - long. Marching a - long, &c.

CHORUS. *ff*



3. We 've 'listed for life, and will camp on the field,
With Christ as our Captain we never will yield·
The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We 'll hold in our hands as we 're marching along.
Chorus.—Marching along, &c.

4. Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin.
But one thing assures us, we can not go wrong,
In trusting our Saviour, while marching along.
Chorus.—Marching along, &c.

THE ANGEL'S SONG.

SOLO, TRIO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. There 's a song the an - gels sing, And its notes with rap - ture ring, Round the

throne whose ra-diance fills the heavens above. Shepherds heard the distant strain, Watching

ff CHORUS. *pp*

on Ju - de - a's plain, "Glo - ry be to God, Glo - ry be to God,

FULL CHORUS.

Glo - ry be to God, to men be peace and love." Thro' the earth and thro' the sky, Let the

*Repeat pp.**

anthem ev - er fly, "Glory be to God a - gain, Peace on earth, good will to men."

2. 'T is a song for children too;
To the Saviour 't is their due;
Let its grateful notes ascend to him again;
Join with angels in their song,
And the heavenly strain prolong,
"Glory be to God, good will and peace to men."
Chorus.—Through the earth, &c.

3. Soon around that throne may we
With those happy angels be,
Striking harps to strains that nevermore shall cease:
Mingling love with loftiest praise,
Still the chorus there we 'll raise,
"Glory be to God, to men good will and peace.
Chorus.—Through the earth, &c.

* For a Concert, a good effect will be produced by having a choir, out of sight, sing the repetition as a response.

PILGRIM BAND.

1. Come, lit - tle sol - diers, join in our band, March for the kingdom, our promised land,
2. Hark to the voic - es, bid - ding us come! An - gels, re-joic - ing, wel - come us home;
3. Soon we shall nev - er know sor - row more, But, blest for ev - er, God's love shall share;

Fear - less of dan - ger, on - ward we roam, Je - sus our lead-er is, soon we'll be home.
No more shall sad - ness or sor-row op - press, Come, lit - tle pilgrim band, there we shall rest.
Soon we shall see him in his blest home, Ev - er still praising him, a - ges to come.

CHORUS by smaller Scholars.

Repeat pp

We're a little pilgrim band, Guided by a Saviour's hand, Soon we'll reach our fatherland, No more to roam.

20—*One to each ♩.*

Words by Rev. Wm. Hunter, D.D.

CHORUS to each Stanza.

1. { Where Babel's drooping willows stood, Far from long-loved Zion, } We're thronging home,
   { We hung our harps, in silent mood, Far from long-loved Zion. } we're thronging home,

2. { Great things the Lord has done for us, Far from long-loved Zion, }
   { Our toilsome race is near-ly run, Far from long-loved Zion, } We're thronging home, we're, &c.

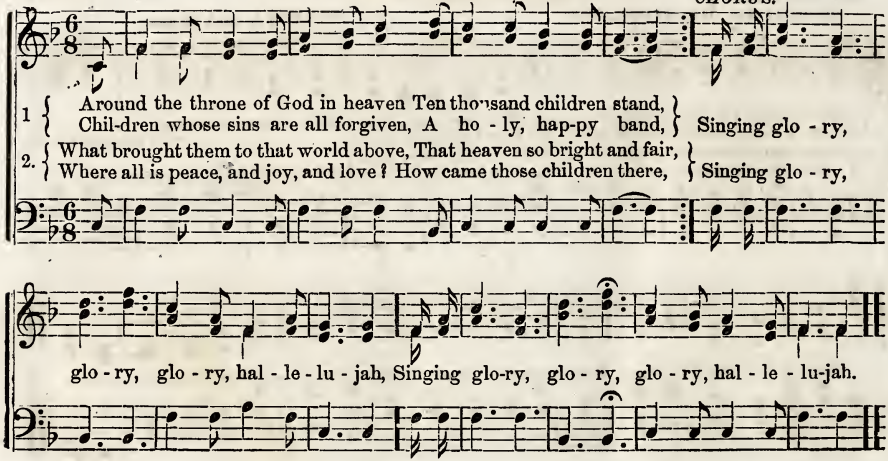
Home to long-loved Zi - on, We're thronging home, we're thronging home, Home to long-loved Zi-on.

3. As streams their mighty torrents pour,
   Far from long-loved Zion;
   So turn our hearts to thee once more,
   Home to long-loved Zion.
   We're thronging home, &c.

4. With faces turned for Zion's hill,
   Home to long-loved Zion;
   Our harps and hearts with rapture thrill,
   Home to long-loved Zion.
   We're thronging home, &c.

5. We soon shall reach our Father's land,
   Home in long-loved Zion;
   Our feet within thy gates shall stand,
   Home in long-loved Zion.
   We're thronging home, &c.

6. Our grateful incense to the skies,
   Home in long-loved Zion;
   Mingled with holy songs shall rise,
   Home in long-loved Zion.
   We're thronging home, &c.



3. Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away our sin;
Both in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean;
Singing glory, &c.

4. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
And now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb;
Singing glory, &c.

PRAISE OF CHILDREN ACCEPTABLE.

1. CHILDREN of old hosannas sung
To praise the Saviour's name;
We, too, would join our infant song,
To celebrate his fame.
Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah!

2. Chief priests and scribes were sore displeased
That children thus should sing;
But Jesus owned their early praise,
And we our praises bring.
Singing glory, &c.

3. We bless the Lord for all his gifts,
For life, and food, and friends;
We bless him for the Word of life,
The choicest gift he sends.
Singing glory, &c.

HEAVENLY BLISS.

1. THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky;
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.
Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah!

2. And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite, and perfect praise.
Singing glory, &c.

3. Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's ways.
Singing glory, &c.

4. This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.
Singing glory, &c.

5. Great God! impress the serious thought
This day on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter into rest.
Singing glory, &c.

HOSANNAS IN THE TEMPLE.

1. WHEN Jesus to the temple came,
The voice of praise was heard,
The little children owned his claim,
And in his train appeared.
Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah!

2. Hosannas made the temple ring,
For many tongues agreed;
Hosanna to the heavenly King,
To David's promised seed.
Singing glory, &c.

3. O let those scenes be now renewed,
Where children lisp thy praise!
Thou art as gracious and as good
As in the former days.
Singing glory, &c.

4. Dwell by thy Spirit in our hearts,
And this will loose our tongues;
The love that heavenly truth imparts
Will animate our songs.
Singing glory, &c.

25—*Two to each Measure.* *Tenor sing with the Treble.*

MEET ME IN HEAVEN. ✻

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1st *Semi-Cho.* How bright the day, the joyful day, When all the good shall come, And clothed in robes of white array, Meet
2d *Semi-Cho.* The Saviour's hand shall wipe their tears, And folded to his breast, His lambs shall feel no earthly fear, But

REFRAIN.

1st. 2d.

in their hap-py home!
find e - ter - nal [Omit.] rest. Oh! meet me in heaven, meet me in heaven, Meet me in heaven, where we'll

never part again; Meet me in heaven, meet me in heaven, Meet me in heaven, Where we'll never part again.

2. Ah! would you be among the blest,
Who walk the golden streets,
Or lean upon the Saviour's breast,
Or worship at his feet!
Then wander not from Jesus Christ,
Nor go the path of sin,
Until you find the gates of woe,
And there must enter in.
Oh! meet me in heaven, &c.

3. Your teachers can not bear to think
Those little feet shall slide
Upon the dark and dreadful brink
Of ruin's sweeping tide.
Come to the Saviour, little ones,
And with his own dear flock,
He 'll hide you when temptation comes,
Safe in the clefted rock.
Oh! meet me in heaven, &c.

I OUGHT TO LOVE MY MOTHER.

Written and arranged for the Fourth Ward Mission, under the direction of Rev. W. C. Van Meter

1. I ought to love my mother, She loved me long a - go, There is on earth no oth-er That ev - er loved me so. When a weak babe much tri-al I caused her. and much care ; For me no self - de - ni - al, Nor la - bor did she spare.

2. When in my cra - dle ly-ing, Or on her lov-ing breast, She gen-tly hush'd my cry-ing, And rock'd her babe to rest. When a - ny thing has ailed me, To her I told my grief—Her fond love nev-er fail'd me, In find - ing some re - lief.

For balance of words, see bottom of page 122.

THE SHIP IN A STORM.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1 { A lit - tle ship was on the sea, It was a pretty sight, / It sailed a - long so pleasantly, And all was calm and bright, } When, lo! a storm be

2. { And all but One were sore a-fraid Of sink - ing in the deep, / His head was on a pil-low laid, And he was fast a-sleep; } "Mas-ter, we per-ish!

- gan to rise, The wind grew loud and strong; It blew the clouds across the skies, It
Master, save!" They cried: their Master heard; He rose, rebuked the wind and wave, And

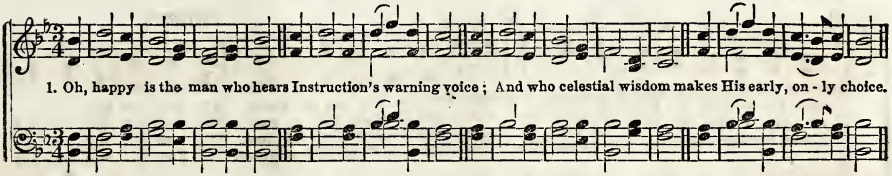
blew the waves a-long— It blew the clouds across the sky, It blew the waves a-long.
stilled them with a word; He rose, rebuked the wind and wave, And stilled them with a word.

3. A noble ship, our country dear,
Has weathered many a gale—
Yet now a storm beats so severe
That many stout hearts quail;
But One who rides above the storm
Can save us from all ill;
We only wait to hear his voice
Commanding "Peace, be still!"

4. O, Jesus! Master! hear, we pray,
Remove the chastening rod;
Let not our foes exulting say,
"There is no help in God."
From threat'ning storms preserve our land,
Rebuke the winds and waves;
And let us, one united band,
Rejoice in God, who saves.

BALERMA. C. M.

Ascribed to R. SIMPSON, Scotland.



2. For she hath treasures greater far,
Than east and west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3. She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

Concluding Stanzas to "I OUGHT TO LOVE MY MOTHER," *page* 121.

3. What sight is that which, near me,
Makes home a happy place,
And has such power to cheer me?
It is my mother's face.
What sound is that which ever
Makes my young heart rejoice
With tones that tire me never?
It is my mother's voice.

4. When she is ill, to tend her
My daily care shall be;
Such hope as I can render
Will all be joy to me.
Though I can ne'er repay her
For all her tender care,
I will honor and obey her,
While God our lives shall spare.

50.—*Two to the Measure.* **THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.**

WITH GENTLENESS.

1. A beau - ti - ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sor - row free, The
2. That beau - ti - ful land, the City of Light, It ne'er has known the shades of night; The
3. In vi - sion I see its streets of gold, Its beau-ti-ful gates I too be - hold, The
4. The heav - en - ly throng ar - rayed in white, In rap - ture range the plains of light; And

CHORUS.

home of the ransomed, bright, and fair, And beau-ti-ful an-gels too, are there. Will you go? Will you go?
glo - ry of God, the light of day Hath driven the darkness far a - way. Will you go? Will you go?
riv - er of life, the crys - tal sea, The am-bro-sial fruit of life's fair tree. Will you go? Will you go?
in one harmonious choir they praise Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace. Will you go? Will you go?

May be repeated at pleasure, pp

Go to that beau-ti - ful land with me? Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti - ful land?

Words by Geo. P. Morris, Esq. Music by Wm. B. Bradbury.

SOLO—TENOR OR SOPRANO. *Maestoso.*

1. A song for our ban - ner! the watchword re - call Which gave the Re-pub - lic her sta - tion;
2. What God in his in - fi - nite wis - dom designed, And armed with his weapon of thun - der,

U - nit - ed we stand, di - vid - ed we fall! It.... made and preserves us a na - tion!
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined, Have the power... to con-quer or sun - der!

Sym. *For each verse.*

The u - nion of lakes—the u - nion of lands, The

u - nion of States none can sev - er— The u - nion of hearts—the u - nion of hands, And the

CHORUS.

m *ff* *f*

flag of our U - nion for ev - er. For ev - er, for ev - er, for ev - er! The

u - nion of hearts—the u - nion of hands, And the flag of our U - nion for ev - er.

HOSANNAH. Anthem.

24.—*Two to the Measure.*

Two Divisions of the School may sing alternately.

Ho - san-nah, Ho - san-nah, Ho-san-nah to the Son of Da - vid! Bless-ed is he that

Repeat by 2d Division.

com - eth in the name of the Lord, Lord, Ho - san - nah in the

high-est, in the high - est, Ho-san - nah in the high-est, in the high - est.

END.

To be Chanted.

And when he was come unto Jerusalem, all the ..... city was moved, saying, "Who is this?" And the multitude said,

D. C. *Chorus.*
Repeat pp

This is Je - sus, This is Je - sus, the pro-phet of Na-za-reth and Ga - li - lee.

D.C.

LA MIRA. C. M.

W. B. B.

1. I love to steal a-while a - way From ev-ery cumbering care, And spend the hours of setting day In hum-ble, grateful prayer.

2. I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
When none but God is near.

3. I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
My cares and sorrows all to cast
On him whom I adore.

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FROM THE EVENING POST AND NEW YORK TIMES.

"One of the interesting musical events of the season is the competition in instruments, and the success that has attended the exhibition of Bradbury's piano-fortes at the several fairs recently held. This success is more remarkable from the fact that a new competitor for public favor has always to contend with the prejudices of those who are interested in keeping their old favorites in the front rank, and it is only when the intrinsic merits of a new instrument are so apparent as to render opposition to it hazardous to their professional reputation that it can get a fair start.

"This has been the opening year for Bradbury's instruments, and thus far with the following result:

I. First prize at the New Jersey State Fair at Patterson·

II. First prize at the New York State Fair at Utica;

III. First prize at the Ohio State Fair at Cleveland·

IV. And now, at the Fair of the American Institute, in this city, it has also been awarded the first prize*.

"There was a large number of fine pianos in this exhibition, and the managers of it devoted to them the largest and most prominent space in the main hall in the Academy building. Among these the beautiful square piano contributed by the manufacturer, WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, maintained a first place, being remarkable for power, brilliancy, richness, purity and equality of tone, combined with delicacy of touch, strength of frame, and general excellence of mechanical manipulation. This piano has Mr. Bradbury's new and improved scale, which is now receiving the highest commendations from first-class musical authority, as well as the public generally.

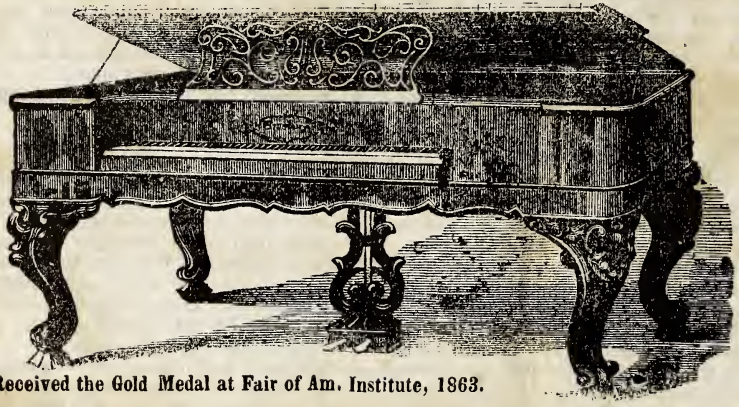
"This piano has an iron frame, overstrung base, and every real modern improvement; it is constructed of the best thorough seasoned materials, and its outward finish is second to none. We are informed by the managers that Mr. Bradbury did not manufacture this instrument especially for exhibition, but that it was taken promiscuously from his general stock.

"The public are already indebted to Mr. Bradbury for his labors as a composer of church and Sabbath-school music; but it would seem that his success in that department is to be eclipsed by the honors thrust on him in his new sphere."

* P.S.—Since the above was written, I have received the following additional First Premiums, viz.: Pennsylvania State Fair, Illinois State Fair, and Indiana State Fair. W. B. B.

WM. B. BRADBURY'S SUPERIOR PIANO-FORTES,

427 BROOME ST., cor. of Crosby, one block East of Broadway, NEW YORK.



Received the Gold Medal at Fair of Am. Institute, 1863.

The subscriber has now so enlarged and increased his manufacturing facilities as he believes will enable him to meet the unprecedented demand for his beautiful instruments. His factory is twice its former size.

BRADBURY'S PIANOS are made of the BEST THOROUGHLY SEASONED material. He employs the BEST MECHANICAL SKILL and talent of the city.

BRADBURY'S "NEW SCALE," drawn and prepared expressly for his new instruments, is in advance of other improvements in POWER, BRILLIANCY, RICHNESS, PURITY, and EQUALITY OF TONE, combined with DELICACY OF TOUCH and STRENGTH OF FRAME. He invites the closest criticism of the best unbiassed judges. Every department of the business is conducted under Mr. BRADBURY'S own personal supervision. Every instrument fully warranted.

THE MUSICAL PROFESSION OF NEW YORK TO WM. B. BRADBURY.

STRONG INDORSEMENT OF

WM. B. BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES.

The most eminent of the musical profession of New York City, after frequent and thorough trials of my NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES, have given me the most emphatic and unqualified Testimonials. The following is a specimen of the voluntary testimony I am constantly receiving from gentlemen entirely disinterested, and, as all will acknowledge, most thoroughly qualified to judge of the merits of a Piano-Forte.

"We have examined, *with much care*, Mr. WM. B. BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES, and it is our opinion that, in power, purity, richness, equality of tone, and THOROUGH WORKMANSHIP, Mr. BRADBURY'S instruments EXCEL.

"We find GREAT BRILLIANCY and a BEAUTIFUL SINGING QUALITY of tone most happily blended. We have RARELY SEEN a square Piano-Forte combining so many of these qualities essential to a PERFECT INSTRUMENT."

S. B. Mills.
Harry Sanderson.
Charles Fradel.
Robert Heller.
Charles Wels.
A. Bagioli.
H. C. Timm.

William Mason.
Max Maretzek.
W. Berge, Ed. N. Y. "Mus. Review."
Theo. Hagen.
Carl Anschutz.
Gustav R. Eckhard.
John Zundell, Organist at H. W. Beecher's Church.

Geo. W. Morgan.
John N. Pattison.
Charles Grobe.
John H. Ickler.
H. E. Matthews.
F. L. Ritter.
T. E. Perkins.

Theodore Thomas.
Clare W. Beames.
Robert Stoepel.
Strakosch.
Theo. Moelling.
F. H. Nash.
C. M. Carrington, Pres. N. Y. Harmonic Society.

GOTTSCHALK,

The renowned Pianist and Composer, AFTER A CAREFUL AND THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF WM. B. BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES, says:

"I have examined with GREAT CARE, Mr. WM. B. BRADBURY'S New Scale Piano-Fortes, and it is my opinion that they are VERY SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS.

"I have especially remarked their THOROUGH WORKMANSHIP, and the power, purity, richness, and EQUALITY of their tone. I recommend, therefore, these instruments to the public in general, and doubt not of their success.

"L. M. GOTTSCHALK."

"NEW YORK, July 12, 1863."

WM. B. BRADBURY'S GOLD MEDAL PIANO-FORTES.

GOLD MEDAL.

TWO GOLD MEDALS,

ONE SILVER MEDAL,

AND

FOUR FIRST PREMIUM DIPLOMAS.

Making in all

SEVEN FIRST PREMIUMS!

Bestowed upon Mr. Wm. B. Bradbury within the brief space of

FOUR WEEKS!

By the Officers of State Fairs, and by the American Institute, New York City,

"FOR THE BEST PIANO-FORTES."

These were as follows:

GOLD MEDALS

N. J. STATE FAIR, held at Paterson, 1863.
FAIR OF AM. INSTITUTE. Academy of Music, New York City, 1863.

SILVER MEDAL.

ILL. STATE FAIR, Decatur, 1863.

DIPLOMAS.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR, Utica, 1863.
OHIO STATE FAIR, Cleveland, 1863.
PENN. STATE FAIR, Norristown, 1863.
IND. STATE FAIR, Indianapolis, 1863.

JUDGES AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 1863.

L. M. Gottschalk, A. W. Berg, Clare W. Beames, Francis H. Brown.

This is unprecedented in the history of the Piano-Forte Trade.

GOLD MEDAL.

Wm. B. BRADBURY. 427 Broome Street,

Corner of Crosby, one block East of Broadway, New York.